

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

PS 2672  
.Q93 I6  
Copy 1

AKER'S EDITION  
OF PLAYS

INNISFAIL



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.  
BOSTON

# Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER.

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Dramas," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

**Titles in this Type are New Plays.**

**Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.**

## DRAMAS.

*In Four Acts.*

Better than Gold.	7 male, 4 female char.	25
-------------------	------------------------	----

*In Three Acts.*

Our Folks.	6 male, 5 female char.	15
The Flower of the Family.	5 male, 3 female char.	15
ENLISTED FOR THE WAR.	7 male, 3 female char.	15
MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.	5 male, 3 female char.	15
The Little Brown Jug.	5 male, 3 female char.	15

*In Two Acts.*

Above the Clouds.	7 male, 3 female char.	15
One Hundred Years Ago.	7 male, 4 female char.	15
AMONG THE BREAKERS.	6 male, 4 female char.	15
BREAD ON THE WATERS.	5 male, 3 female char.	15
DOWN BY THE SEA.	6 male, 3 female char.	15
ONCE ON A TIME.	4 male, 2 female char.	15
The Last Loaf.	5 male, 3 female char.	15

*In One Act.*

STAND BY THE FLAG.	5 male char.	15
The Tempter.	3 male, 1 female char.	15

## COMEDIES AND FARCES.

A Mysterious Disappearance.	4 male, 3 female char.	15
Paddle Your Own Canoe.	7 male, 3 female char.	15
A Drop too Much.	4 male, 2 female char.	15
A Little More Cider.	5 male, 3 female char.	15
A THORN AMONG THE ROSES.	2 male, 6 female char.	15
NEVER SAY DIR.	3 male, 3 female char.	15
SEEING THE ELEPHANT.	6 male, 3 female char.	15
BOSTON DIP.	4 male, 3 female char.	15
ESS OF DUBLIN.	6 male, 4 female char.	15
FOR REFRESHMENTS.	char.	15
bers.	4 male, 2 female char.	15
ers Only.	15	15

## COMEDIES, etc., continued.

*Male Characters Only.*

A TENDER ATTACHMENT.	7 char.	15
COALS OF FIRE.	6 char.	15
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.	8 char.	15
SHALL OUR MOTHERS VOTE?	11 char.	15
GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.	12 char.	15
HUMORS OF THE STRIKE.	8 char.	15
MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN.	6 char.	15
NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN.	6 char.	15
THE GREAT ELIXIR.	9 char.	15
THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.	3 char.	15
The Man with the Demijohn.	4 char.	15
THE RUNAWAYS.	4 char.	15
THE THIEF OF TIME.	6 char.	15
WANTED, A MALE COOK.	4 char.	15

*Female Characters Only.*

A LOVE OF A BONNET.	5 char.	15
A PRECIOUS PICKLE.	6 char.	15
NO CURE NO PAY.	7 char.	15
THE CHAMPION OF HER SEX.	8 char.	15
THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE.	8 char.	15
THE GRECIAN BEND.	7 char.	15
THE RED CHIGNON.	6 char.	15
USING THE WEED.	7 char.	15

## ALLEGORIES.

*Arranged for Music and Tableaux.*

LIGHART'S PILGRIMAGE.	8 female char.	15
THE REVOLT OF THE BEES.	9 female char.	15
THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH.	1 male, 4 female char.	15
THE TOURNAMENT OF IDYLCOURT.	10 female char.	15
THE WAR OF THE ROSES.	8 female char.	15
THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.	8 female char.	15

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN ORIGINAL IDEA.	1 male, 1 female	15
BONBONS; OR, THE PAINT KING.	6 male, 1 female char.	25
CAPULETTA; OR, ROMEO AND JULIET RESTORED.	3 male, 1 female char.	15
SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS.	15	15
SNOW-BOUND; OR, ALONZO THE BRAVE, AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.	3 male, 1 female char.	25
THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.	15	15
THE PEDLER OF VERY NICE.	7 male char.	15
THE SEVEN AGES.	A Tableau Entertainment.	15
TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.	Numerous male and female char.	15
WEDDING.	11 female	15

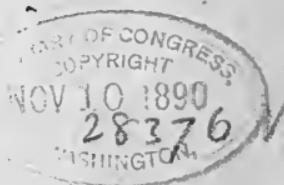
# INNISFAIL

OR

## THE WANDERER'S DREAM

A Drama of Irish Life in Four Acts

BY   
RICHARD QUINN



BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1890

PS2672  
Q93I6

CHARACTERS.

FELIX O'FLAHERTY.  
GERALD O'CONNELL.  
HENRY BLACKWOOD HEADFORD.  
BRANDON BENNER.  
BARTHOLOMEW O'CONNOR MALONE.  
CON O' THE BOGS.  
BOUCHER.  
EFFIE HEADFORD.  
MARY ANNE MALONE.  
MRS. FORD.

SCENE.— Killarney and environs.

TIME.— 1867.



COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY RICHARD QUINN.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WALTER H. BAKER & Co.

12-37980

E.G.H.S. 18/12  
a.m.p., nov. 10, 1921

## COSTUMES.

**FELIX.**— Felt hat; overcoat and top boots to conceal uniform; beard, and policeman's cap carried to complete disguise. Second Dress: Corduroy coat and vest, knee breeches, gray stockings, low-cut shoes, green necktie, drab hat. Ragged coat and heavy walking stick for Act III. Shabby hunting-jacket for Act IV.

**GERALD.**— Plain light suit, dark green Newmarket overcoat, felt hat. Second Dress: Wedding suit.

**HEADFORD.**— Old gentleman's plain suit; gray hair and beard.

**MALONE.**— Faded black suit, low-crowned hat; white hair and beard.

**BENNER.**— Loud plaid suit, light drab overcoat, plug hat, cane, watch and chain; mustache.

**CON.**— Rough country dress, battered hat; short black beard.

**BOUCHER.**— Policeman's uniform.

**EFFIE.**— Evening costume. Second Dress: Walking costume and rain cloak. Third Dress: Bridal costume.

**MARY ANNE.**— Red cashmere dress, white apron.

**MRS. FORD.**— Black dress, plaid neck-kerchief, muslin cap. Second Dress: Plain black.

---

## PROPERTIES.

Drawing-room furniture, album, photograph, writing materials, five-pound note, block of wood, glass of medicine, milk pail, papers, a few kitchen utensils, chairs, table, dresser, canvas bag, potatoes, turnips, bed clothing, pistol, rocks, candle.

## SYNOPSIS.

### ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Ross Castle, Killarney, by twilight.* “For we'll strike another blow.” The wanderers meet. Gerald's oath. Plans for the future. “Innisfail!” Felix feels grateful to an absent brother. “A real raw sprig of the Royal Irish Constabulary.” A lucky find and a fruitless search. TREACHERY.

SCENE 2.—*A drawing-room in Castle Headford.* A man of gloomy thoughts. “The mound of green.” Her father's choice. Effie's misery. “A parting word.” The loose shoe. Brandon's sentiments. “Not a hitch in the proceedings.” The stolen photograph. A crestfallen foe. “The right! What right?” BAFFLED!

### ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Exterior of Malone's Cottage.* The old pedagogue in his element. Bog Latin. A stroke of diplomacy. “Who else would I be?”

SCENE 2.—*Interior of a mountain hut.* A sad picture. “Greenlea.” A strange meeting. An unexpected arrival. “I never heard tell of him, ma'am.” A timely visit. “LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.”

### ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Emerald Scoop*—a cave in the Eagle's Nest Mountain. “Now, Con!” A bargain. Felix waiting for Gerald. “The rock! the rock!” The ghost of Mat. Dwyer. A tale of many crimes. The signal. “And is the sleep of death so like its image?” “Con! Con! Curse the cowardly rogue, he's gone.” THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

### ACT IV.

SCENE.—*A room in Arbutus Lodge.* A guilty conscience. Felix plays a strange part, but it strikes home with a vengeance. “In heaven or earth there is no hope, there is no hope for me.” The magic word. Startling disclosures. Conflicting emotions. A reconciliation. Felix a-thinking. “A Michaelmas Daisy.” The “Best Man” arrives. The music of Innisfail.

## INNISFAIL.

---

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of Ross Castle, Killarney. Landscape in one showing corner of the castle. Wing at R. represents a large tree. Enter GERALD, L., as curtain rises.*

GERALD (*soliloquizing*). Oh, Erin! mighty nation thou wert once, though now the chains of thraldom bind thee fast to unrelenting foes. To break thy iron fetters I, too, have fought this latest fight in vain. Yet, no blood I've spilled, nor has mine flowed. Oh bitter thought, that '67 should be another '98—still-born progeny of oppression!

FELIX (*sings without to air "God save Ireland"*).

For we'll strike another blow  
And we'll rout the Saxon foe  
And we'll fight for dear old Ireland till we die,  
Where our sires before us fought,  
Where their lives were dearly bought,  
Where the bones of many heroes honored lie.

GER. Ah, 'tis Felix, true to his promise.

(Enter FELIX, R.)

GER. (*extending his hand*). Oh, Felix, how different from our last meeting!

FEL. 'Tis all over with us, Gerald.

GER. And but a week ago, how great our hopes, how light our hearts, how high our spirits rose.

FEL. I don't feel like myself at all. Sure I thought I could make smithereens of a whole regiment of red coats before I took the field, but now my heart don't feel as big as a kerogue's kidney. Bad luck from it from a ruction, but no matter; if the Saxons carried the day, they'll never carry the country, no, if every mother's son of them lived to be as old as Methusala.

GER. Well, we were fortunate in coming out of the struggle with our lives.

FEL. That same is a great consolation, but we're not out of the woods yet. I hear they're arrestin' the boys by the dozen.

GER. It will go pretty hard with me, Felix, when I will tamely submit to be dragged to the lingering death of a British dungeon. Here by the grand old ruins of Erin's departed glory, I swear, that they will never take me alive.

FEL. And my name isn't Felix O'Flaherty if they ever put a muzzle on me, dead or alive. While I live I will struggle for Ireland's freedom; and as long as these glorious old hills remain unchanged, so long will I be a free man: so long will I defy the tyrants to capture me.

GER. I hope they never will, Felix, but 'tis a hard fight, and the odds are against us.

FEL. Odds or no odds, I'll wager you all I have in the world that you won't know me yourself the next time you see me. I can disguise myself now, so that my own mother wouldn't know me.

GER. I'll give you five pounds if I fail to recognize you in any disguise, at any time, in any place. Can I not tell your voice?

FEL. Never. Haven't I as good a right to have two ways of talking, as well as some of the ladies?

GER. Whom do you mean?

FEL. There's Brandon Benner's ould pizaun of a sister for instance; she talks so different at times that you'd think 'twas two different persons were speakin'.

GER. Why, where did you hear Miss Benner?

FEL. 'Twas the way; I was going over there one evening, to the steward, for the lend of a hay-rake, and by the same token 'twas a little bit dusky, when whom should I see coming down the avenue against me but my brave Miss Matilda. When she got within about a quarter of a mile of me, says she, in a big, coarse voice that would frighten a calf out of half a year's growth, "Con," says she, "you big, lazy, good-for-nothing heap, is it only now you're coming back and I expecting you these two hours? You're not worth salt for your porridge, you idle lump," says she. The fun of it was that she never found out her mistake until I came as near to her as you are to me, and then in a voice as sweet as the song of a little gold-finck, she said, "Really, Mr.

O'Flaherty, you must pardon me. I thought it was that lazy man, Con, the creature is so accustomed to being abused, you know." "I suppose so, Miss," said I, with a roguish twinkle of my eye, as I passed her by. Oh, but Gerald, 'tis she has the nice collup of a brother. If he could lay his hands on you now, he'd rather it than a year's rent for Keel-ballymacshonekeen.

GER. Yes, Brandon Benner is a heartless scoundrel. He and his ignorant dupe, Con 'o the Bogs, are villains that we must keep an eye to, if we have any regard for our liberty.

FEL. I'd back the pair of them against any couple in the country for downright rascality.

GER. It is growing late. I ought to be in Castle Headford by this time. I must go, and remember, Felix, if you get into any trouble, count on my assistance, if in defending you I lose my life.

FEL. And nobody will ever have it to say of Felix O'Flaherty that he deserted his best friend in the hour of danger, no matter what misfortune may come upon him.

GER. Farewell, Felix. If I shall be disguised when next we meet —

FEL. I'll know you.

GER. Yes, by the password. Cling to it fondly, Felix. 'Tis all that is left us — "Innisfail."

FEL. Innisfail!

GER. Again, farewell. (*Exit GERALD, R.*)

FEL. I have a dangerous piece of ground to put under my feet to-night, so I think I'll leave Felix O'Flaherty here and send Sergeant Seemore in his place. (*Takes off clothes worn outside policeman's uniform.*) Oh, but 'twas the lucky day for me, Michael O'Flaherty, when you left the peelers behind you, and went to America. Sure, many's the scrape your elegant clothes got me out of, unknown to you. (*Takes off shoes.*) Oh, bad manners from you, Terry Donoghue, 'twill be a long day till I bring you a pair of brogues to put a few thoheens on again. I'll take them to Wat. Regan's forge first. What! another gap in my sole. I wish I had somebody besides the ould widow to darn my stockings; one would think 'twas a wicker gate she was making for a pig-sty, she puts the threads so far asunder. Ah, maybe, some fine day, Mary Anne would say the word; but sure if she saw me now she'd think I was

a traitor in earnest, and then she'd never look at the same side of the road I'd be going again. (*Looks L.*) Oh, by all the goats in Kerry, and that's a horny oath, here comes a real raw sprig of the Royal Irish Constabulary. He's an awkward-looking ghokuck, God bless him. (*FELIX hides clothes behind tree, R., pretends to be searching for something.*)

(Enter BOUCHER, L.)

BOUCHER. Hello, comrade! Lost anything?

FEL. Good evening. I didn't lose anything. I was only just looking up the track of a rebel.

BOU. But, surely, you don't expect to find it there.

FEL. That's all right. What am I paid for, man alive, but to carry out instructions?

BOU. Tell me, is it O'Flaherty you're looking for?

FEL. The same blackguard; and my orders were not to leave as much as a stone unturned in my search, so you see I'm only carrying them out.

BOU. O'Flaherty would be a lucky catch; he has given lots of trouble. I happen to be looking for him, too.

FEL. Well, now. And I suppose, like myself, you were given to understand, on the quiet, that there was promotion in it.

BOU. Yes, and a little money too.

FEL. Ha, ha! I suppose you come from the Furzogue barracks.

BOU. Yes.

FEL. I come from Knockenwadera, at the other side o' the hill.

BOU. Did you get any information on the way?

FEL. Information, how are you! I followed O'Flaherty step for step from O'Sullivan's Cascade to this very spot. Now if you go your way and leave me alone I think I can capture him.

BOU. You may need my assistance.

FEL. Then you'll claim all the credit.

BOU. It may be promotion for both of us.

FEL. I have my doubts about that. See here; what's behind this old ruin?

BOU. The lakes, of course.

FEL. Well, if you saw a man here ten minutes ago, from

a little distance, and then came up to the spot where he was standing and find nothing but his clothes, what conclusion would you come to?

BOU. Naturally, that the man, seeing he was pursued, had tried to make good his escape by swimming.

FEL. (*going behind tree*). Here are his clothes. Feel them, they're warm yet.

BOU. (*excitedly*). It seems very strange to me that you should act in such a selfish manner. 'Twould just serve you right if he got away from you with all your cunning. Why are we standing here like two fools? If you don't do your duty, I'll do mine.

FEL. Hold easy a minute, man. O'Flaherty is not much of a swimmer, and 'tis as likely as not that he's dodging around in the water, till he gets a chance to come back for his clothes. Let you run around for the bare life, and I'll watch out here in case he may double back; and whatever there's in his capture, I'm willing to divide it evenly.

BOU. I'm satisfied. There's no time to be lost. To-night or never, I must earn a "V."

(*Exit BOUCHER, R., running.*)

FEL. Ten to one if I offered him sixpence he'd never try half so hard to break his neck, and yet the poor omadhaun has his gallop for nothing. (*Laughs.*) Oh, the poor old sinner, 'tis good enough for him. When he comes back he'll be sure to find me waiting for him, sure what else would I be doing?

(*Sings.*)

For we'll strike another blow  
And we'll rout —

(*Sees BRANDON, who enters L. cautiously.*) Change your tune, you devil, you, change your tune. (*Resumes song.*)

For we'll strike another blow  
And we'll rout the pyaties low  
And we'll ate a feed of roaster's good and dry.

BRANDON. Hello, Sergeant. Just the man I'm looking for. What's the news?

FEL. Nothing strange, Mr. Benner.

BRAN. I hear O'Connell gave you the slip last night.

FEL. That's young O'Connell of Ballygerald?

BRAN. Yes.

FEL. True, sir. He deluthered four of our men the natest way you ever saw.

BRAN. Say no more, sergeant. Come along with me and I can show you where you'll find him inside of half an hour. I have a rig and a man close by, and we'll arrange matters as we go along. *(Exeunt, R.)*

SCENE II.—*A drawing-room in Castle Headford. Door in center opening into hall.* HEADFORD and EFFIE sitting near window, L. C.

HEADFORD. I never sit by this window, in the twilight, my child, but some gloomy remembrance steals over my mind, and enters into the very depths of my soul.

EFFIE. Why allow the twilight to steal away your good humor, father, when in a moment I can light the lamp and dispel the shades of darkness from this room at least?

HEAD. There are times, Effie, when sad recollections make such a conquest of the mind, that it seems more difficult to turn abruptly from one's thoughts than to let them take their own course.

EFF. I often wonder when I see you looking so disconsolate, if you are thinking of my dear mother.

HEAD. Sometimes, yes, my child.

EFF. Heaven's will be done. Why should it make you sorrowful to think of my mother? I only wish you would always talk about her, and tell me more and more. What she used to say when I was in her arms, how she looked—

HEAD. She was the very picture of you, Effie, and loved you dearly. The thought of leaving you disturbed her greatly in her last moments here.

EFF. And how old was I when she died?

HEAD. You were scarcely three years old when she passed away. 'Twas a night like this. *(Aside.)* Ah, where am I wandering?

EFF. Three years! How quickly these fourteen others have fled. Just think, to-morrow will be my seventeenth birthday.

HEAD. Are you not going to bring the light, dear?

EFF. Yes, father, but won't you promise to take me some time to my mother's grave, so I can kneel and pray, and read the inscription on her monument? *(Rising.)*

HEAD. 'Tis some five-and-twenty miles hence, and I am growing feeble. I cannot promise you now. You may bring the light. (*Exit EFFIE.*)

HEAD. Read the inscription on your mother's monument! Alas, 'twould fill your eyes with tears, my child. Ah, poor, deluded girl, little you dream the truth. 'Twas a night like this she passed away from the shelter of this roof to the ridicule of the world. Oh, would, for my daughter's sake, it had been to another world. Oh, Effie, better that you should forever remain in ignorance of your mother's fate. Yet, a few short words would tell her all.—Could I but say to her: Effie, by love was I married to one beneath, far beneath, my rank; by the scorching blasts of human scorn was that love withered into hate; by hate was that fond, devoted, faithful wife turned out to the charity of a cold world—but no, I can never tell her. I'll carry my secret to the grave. Remorse, I'm yours alone. I have no room for joy.

(*Enter EFFIE with lamp.*)\*

EFF. Now, father dear, let the lamp banish the gloom from your mind as it does from the night.

HEAD. Effie, I have been thinking very seriously for a long time about making some provision for your future. I am not old, neither am I as young as I used to be, and I know it would make me happier in my old age to see you comfortably situated in life. To be brief—I have decided to settle all my income on you, with the exception of a small pittance to supply my present wants.

EFF. O, father, how generous, how thoughtful. How can I ever repay such kindness?

HEAD. Your constant attention to me, Effie, has deserved all this and more. My only object is to make you happy, and all I ask in return is that you will accede to my one request.

EFF. Father, what slightest wish of yours did I ever disregard? Surely, I cannot forfeit your good opinion now, by disobedience.

---

\* NOTE.—If desired, a song may be introduced here. In such case use following dialogue.

EFF. See, father, I brought my music too. If you grow weary of my singing, you can resume your novel. Let me see where you stopped. Ah, here's the book-mark.—Chapter IV.—The mysterious disappearance.—Why, if I had been reading I couldn't think of leaving off at such an interesting point.

HEAD. (*aside.*) And still another pang.

HEAD. An intimate friend of our family, who has always entertained a very high opinion of you, has sought and obtained my consent to seek your hand in marriage. I shall give you a little time to think over the proposal, but I am certain that even at this moment the name of Brandon Benner is foremost in your thoughts.

EFF. Brandon Benner!

HEAD. Yes, my child. Do you not think you could give him your heart as well as your hand? He comes of a most respectable family, and although he frankly admits that his late father left the estate largely encumbered, I have no doubt, if you become his wife, he will work with greater energy than ever to clear off his inherited indebtedness.

EFF. This indeed has taken me by surprise.

HEAD. Such surprises, Effie, are most agreeable to girls of your age. Brandon promised to drive over here this evening, so I shall leave you to decide, but look to the answer.

EFF. Father, be my answer —

HEAD. Yes, or I shall leave you penniless. Look to it well. Wealth, honor, independence and my esteem, on the one hand, await your pleasure. Weigh these against an angry father on the other. Do not let an overdose of silly sentiment usurp the throne of reason in arriving at this, a decision on which will hinge your future happiness or misery.

EFF. And have I no choice in so grave a matter?

HEAD. Choice! 'Tis childish thus to speak. Am I not for your good? Think seriously; think wisely; think calmly, and when Brandon Benner comes to-night, Effie, beware of the answer you give him. (*Exit HEADFORD.*)

EFF. Heaven help me in this the greatest trial of my life. There's a commanding tone in his words. There's no mistaking their meaning. Oh, what would Gerald say could he but hear them? Should I hesitate I will surely incur my father's displeasure. I dread the very thought of opposing him. Yet I will try to reason with him. I will tell him that I like Brandon well enough as an acquaintance, but oh! to think of him as a husband. No — no, I will never give my hand to Brandon Benner, since my heart this many a day abides with Gerald O'Connell. (*GERALD knocks at window.*) Why, Gerald! (*Goes up and opens window.*)

GER. My own Effie!

EFF. Won't you come in, Gerald, there's no one here.

(Enter GERALD.)

GER. I have only a moment to stay. I called to say a parting word. I am forced to leave Ballygerald for, God only knows how long. I could go without a murmur, darling, were it not that I leave you behind. My journey will be a perilous one, but at the very first opportunity I shall return, for my heart remains with you.

EFF. Oh, Gerald, can it be that you must leave me now and make me still more unhappy?

GER. If I leave not, Effie, of my own accord, the fate that awaits me is easily told: the prison, the trial, the convict ship.

EFF. Then away, Gerald, away, and may the God of freedom guide your footsteps. I know you are a Fenian.

GER. If to have loved my country and to have struggled for her independence on the green old hills would entitle me to the name, I am proud to acknowledge it.

EFF. Then I would be a Fenian too, Gerald.

GER. For Heaven's sake don't let your father hear this or you'll never hear the end of it. If he knew that I was with the boys I dare not show my face here. But what has conspired to make you unhappy? This is the first time that I ever noticed an eclipse of that bright smile which has always been to me, what the sun is to the earth.

EFF. O, Gerald, there's such a weight upon my mind.

GER. If any one has given you offence, let me swear that while there's strength in my right hand, I will wreak vengeance on the head of the offender.

EFF. Hold, Gerald, hold, I have not been offended, but Brandon Benner —

GER. Brandon Benner! How, what villainy now?

EFF. Nothing more or less than a proposal of marriage which is utterly distasteful to me.

GER. A proposal of marriage!

EFF. Yes, and were it not that my father approves, nay, commands my approval of his suit, I would treat it with the utmost indifference. I would not let it cost me even a thought.

GER. But your father's command —

EFF. Alas, there lies the secret of my misery.

GER. And the dread of opposing him —

EFF. Is more than I can bear.

GER. And oh, Effie, should he threaten?

EFF. Threaten! Alas, he has already drawn a picture of the consequences at the thought of which I shudder. But, whatever ills my course may follow I'll keep my heart for you, with Heaven's help forever.

GER. Effie, ever true! From this hour until we meet again I'll live for Erin and for thee. Farewell.

(Enter HEADFORD and BRANDON.)

BRAN. And how is Effie, this evening?

EFF. Quite well, thank you.

BRAN. And Gerald. Upon my honor, I thought you were over the hills by this time.

HEAD. Gerald, my boy, how are you? Had I known that you were here I would not have remained smoking so long.  
(Offers chair to BRANDON.)

GER. (aside). And if I knew you were coming I would not have remained talking so long, but I must make the best of it now.

BRAN. Rather a wild night, Mr. Headford. By George, I thought I'd never get here. We were stopped no less than three times on the way.

(Enter CON o' THE BOGS.)

CON. I ax pardon for comin' in here wid my dirty brogues, but Masther Brandon, there's a shoe loose on Romeo, sir. I just noticed it as I was rubbin' him down, and I'm in dread 'twill never hould over the road home.

BRAN. You will have plenty of time to take him to the forge, Con, if you are not afraid of meeting some of these insurgents on your way.

CON. Is id Con o' the Bogs to be afeard of man, or ghost, or devil? Ah, Masther Brandon, 'tisn't yourself that ought to be makin' little iv my charackter forinst the quality. But never fear, sir, I'll be back safe and sound afore you're ready to shtart, if you think 'tis better to carry him to the forge. Maybe you'd like to take a look at the baste yourself, sir.

HEAD. Is Romeo the horse you bought at Caherciveen?

BRAN. The same, Mr. Headford. I was offered ninety pounds for him at the Maharee fair, but would not sell him less than a hundred guineas. So you will pardon me while I

go to the stable to see if it be really necessary to send Con on what may prove a useless and dangerous errand.

(*Exit CON.*)

HEAD. Oh, certainly. I would like to take a look at the steed myself.

BRAN. Are you not afraid of catching cold in the night air, sir? It is quite damp and chilly.

HEAD. O, bless you, no.

EFF. What! Brandon, a new coachman?

BRAN. Yes. This is Con's first experience with the reins.

EFF. What became of old Andy?

BRAN. He was arrested last night.

HEAD. Andy arrested!

BRAN. Yes; and if I had the remotest idea that he had any connection with these infernal insurgents, I would not have kept him ten minutes in my employ. But Con is a loyal man, a faithful man, and worthy of my confidence.

(*Exeunt BRANDON and HEADFORD.*)

GER. Thank Heaven for your absence. I would rather Con had your confidence than mine.

EFF. Well, indeed, I too would be very sorry to trust Mr. Con if his appearance is an index to his character.

GER. When I am gone, Effie, beware of that man. I could tell you more of his own and his master's villainy,—but no, this is not the time or the place. I do not know but at this very moment they are plotting for my destruction.

EFF. If I thought it could be possible, I would advise you to leave now, before Brandon's return.

GER. But your father, what would he think of my abrupt departure?

EFF. He'd think, Gerald, that there was a shoe loose on another steed. But I cannot understand why Brandon, of all others, should wish you evil. He is apparently very friendly towards you.

GER. As friendly as a cat is to an iron cage between him and a dove.

(*Enter BRANDON and HEADFORD.*)

HEAD. No, Brandon, one's life is not safe in these days, especially that of one determined to uphold the constitution.

BRAN. I would show these rebels no mercy, Mr. Head-

ford. I would shoot them down like dogs, and every loyal man must think on this question as I do.

(Enter FELIX as SERGT. SEEMORE.)

FEL. You are Mr. Headford, I presume.

HEAD. That is my name, sir.

FEL. I am Sergeant Seemore, sir. In the present disturbed condition of the country, I dare say you are quite familiar with such intrusions.

HEAD. I can't say that I am, Sergeant.

FEL. Well, I meant to convey that unexpected visits from the upholders of law and order were of too frequent occurrence to create any alarm. I regret extremely being obliged to enter your house so rudely, but duty has stronger claims on me than courtesy in the present instance. This gentleman (*pointing to GERALD*) exactly corresponds with a description I have received of Gerald O'Connell, one of the rebel leaders. Any doubt that may exist as to his identification is summarily removed by this photograph. Gerald O'Connell, you are my prisoner.

EFF. (*aside*). Prisoner ! oh heavens, how Gerald's words rush back upon me — The prison ! The trial ! The convict ship. (*Sinks in chair*.)

HEAD. Sergeant, I think you are acting too hastily in this matter. Mr. O'Connell is a gentleman of unimpeachable character. I have known him since he was a mere boy, and if you forego your determination to arrest him, I will guarantee anything for him and see that you do not get into any trouble.

FEL. Your recommendation is of no avail in so serious a case. He must come with me.

BRAN. (*aside*). Excellent, by George. Not a hitch in the proceedings.

FEL. And now, Mr. Benner, accept my thanks for your valuable assistance to the authorities, in securing the arrest of this insurgent.

BRAN. You scoundrel ! In what mysterious manner do you seek to connect me with the capture of my friend, O'Connell? Upon my honor, 'tis the strangest thing I ever heard.

FEL. Mr. Benner, you astonish me. How short-lived your memory must be ! If I wear the uniform of a sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary, do not think for a moment

that I am lost to all sense of honor. If I am a preserver of the peace, I am a man also.

HEAD. What, have I not seen the worst yet? What means all this?

FEL. About an hour ago, sir, Mr. Benner accosted me on my patrol, and told me he had learned that O'Connell had given the authorities the slip last night. He told me to come with him and he could lay his hand on the rebel inside of half an hour. He then gave me this photograph on the way. (*Produces it.*)

EFF. The very one that Gerald gave me. Is it not, Gerald?

GER. I would not be positive.

EFF. Here's the album. The first photo in it was yours, and see, it is not here.

GER. Continue, Sergeant.

FEL. Mr. Benner also informed me that he would render me any assistance he could. I came with him and dismounted at the avenue gate to await there the return of his coachman, which was to be my signal for proceeding to your house, and in coming here I have done my duty, nothing more or nothing less. Now, Mr. Benner, call me a liar, if you dare.

BRAN. Curse you! I must see your County Inspector about this. (*Exit.*)

HEAD. This is the first arrest that was ever made in Castle Headford. Heaven grant it may be the last. (*Exit.*)

GER. Sergeant, will you allow me to write a letter? It will not take more than five minutes.

FEL. Certainly.

GER. Thanks. Effie, will you give me a sheet of paper, and a pen and ink?

EFF. Yes, Gerald. (*Gives them; to FELIX.*) Sergeant, don't you think there's any hope for poor Gerald?

FEL. It becomes me not to say just yet. Is there any one listening?

EFF. (*looks around*). Not a soul.

FEL. Then any further disclosures I may make would undoubtedly be kept secret by you.

EFF. No human being shall ever know.

GER. Effie, deliver this letter at the earliest opportunity. Do not lose a moment.

FEL. Let me see it, please. (*Takes letter, reads.*) Mr. Felix O'Flaherty. (*Opens letter.*)

EFF. Sergeant, you surprise me.

FEL. (*reads*). "I am under arrest this moment. The portals of a British dungeon once passed — a long farewell to freedom. Help me if you can. I will die before I surrender. 'Erin go Bragh.'"

EFF. But a moment ago, you talked of honor. Would any man of common decency be guilty of such foul dishonor?

FEL. I claim that every man in my position has the right —

GER. The right! What right?

FEL. (*throwing off disguise*). To open his own letters.

GER. { Felix O'Flaherty !  
EFF. }

FEL. Innisfail! Is the five-pound note mine?

GER. 'Tis yours. (*Gives him money.*) I wish 'twere fifty.

EFF. Sh-h, there's some one coming. (*FELIX puts on disguise.*)

(Enter HEADFORD and BRANDON.)

HEAD. Are they not gone yet?

BRAN. This is some conspiracy, Mr. Headford, to blacken my character and prejudice your daughter against me.

FEL. 'Twould be hard to make your character any blacker than it is, you double-dealing hypocrite of a villain. Look at me! (*Takes off disguise.*) I'm Felix O'Flaherty and I defy you.

BRAN. I knew it was conspiracy.

FEL. Conspiracy! Look here, Benner. (*Grasping him by collar.*) Didn't I tell everything that passed between us just as it happened? Answer me, or I'll make you remember this night the longest day you live.

BRAN. 'Tis — 'tis so. (*Aside.*) Curse the lazy dogs, why don't they come. 'Tis time —

(Enter CON and BOUCHER.)

BRAN. (*to BOUCHER*). There, Constable, is the imposter.

BOU. (*to FELIX*). You are my prisoner, sir. Come with me.

FEL. Not unless you're a better man than I am.

BOU. I call upon you, Mr. Benner, and (*to CON*) you too, to assist me. Take this man. I will take care of O'Connell.

FEL. You black-whiskered rogue, if you lay a hand on him, I'll give you a blow that'll put you into the middle of next week. (*Knocks BOUCHER down.*)

TABLEAU.

GERALD. HEADFORD. BRANDON. CON (*trembling*).

EFFIE. BOUCHER (*down*).

FELIX.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of MALONE'S cottage. FELIX sitting on a block of wood, smoking pipe. Enter MARY ANNE carrying jug.*

FEL. Your soul to glory, Mary Anne. 'Tis like your good-natured self. She knows I have a long road before me. (*As she approaches.*) Oh, don't ask me, darlin'. Take it away, take it away, acushla, sure I didn't look sideways at a drop of the "craiythur" since last Michaelmas.

MARY ANNE. Felix O'Flaherty, you're a droll gorsoon. The Lord betune us and all harm, sure you don't think it's pizenin' you I'd be, with the physic I'm goin' to give the sick cow.

FEL. That it may do the poor beast good. I thought it was a little drop of mountain dew was in it.

MARY A. And do ye think I'd be after houldin' a noggin o' potteen forinst you this blessed evenin'?

FEL. Sure I ought to know it's yourself wouldn't do anything of the kind. I was wonderin' what was comin' over you. And you know yourself 'tis a great deal of coaxin' would make me take it anyhow.

MARY A. Maybe I could coax you to take a good long drink of buttermilk. I was churnin' to-day, so when I'm comin' round by the dairy I'll bring hether a gallon, and won't be long nor lazy about it ayther. (*Exit.*)

FEL. My heart's darlin', it's too long you'll be for my likin'. My thoughts will fairly burst through my skull if I keep them in any longer. I must speak out my mind to-night, even if old Bartholomew himself comes to the fore. (*Enter MALONE.*) Speak of the devil—

MALONE. Felix, once my worthy pupil, how are you?

FEL. Can't complain, sir, sure I needn't ask how's yourself. 'Tis a scrawbush kind of an evenin', sir. You're takin' it easy, I see.

MAL. I am leading a very easy life now.

FEL. Fair and easy goes far in a day. I'm told you gave up the school, sir.

MAL. Yes, the Commissioners of National Education in

Ireland have peremptorily concluded that your old preceptor should evacuate the fortification of erudition where the dissemination of knowledge was his diurnal avocation in the circumscribed limits of Knockewadera.

FEL. (*aside*). Yohhe cum scokhe cum scokhe cum tarem.

MAL. It is absolutely unnecessary for me to expostulate or animadvert on the idiosyncrasy of the biped who had the presumption, the audacity, the brazen effrontery to succeed me.

FEL. (*aside*). Yohhe cum scokhe cum scokhe cum tarem.

MAL. I cannot conscientiously designate the pedantic pedagogue whose predecessor I was, with the title of successor. It is too honorable an appellation for a supercilious, arrogant, despicable ignoramus whose impenetrable cranium is impervious to the rays of enlightenment.

FEL. Knockewadera will miss you, Mr. Malone. Sure everybody knows that omadhaun couldn't hould a candle to you.

MAL. In Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody. In Arithmetic, Mensuration and Algebra. In Geography, in Penmanship and Geometry. Where, I ask, is the other man who can impart the fundamental principles of all these branches of learning with a system as unerring, as methodical, as orthodox as mine? A system, Felix, of which I alone was the originator.

FEL. (*aside*). Yohhe cum scokhe cum scokhe cum tarem.

MAL. You observed me lay particular stress on Geometry?

FEL. Why wouldn't I? Many's the paultogue I got on the head of it.

MAL. Well, Felix, it was in Euclid's Elements of Geometry that my genius took its most eccentric flight. Had it not been for what I considered my premature superannuation, I was about to make some disclosures which would set the scientific world ablaze.

FEL. I thought I heard a clap of thunder.

MAL. I will proceed to read for you a learned dissertation on what I consider one of the most important solutions of an intricate problem that has been yet attempted.

FEL. (*aside*). Heaven be merciful to me, I'm not prepared to die yet.

MAL. And do you suppose that I'm going to reveal to an ungrateful world what has hitherto been incomprehensible? Most emphatically, no.

FEL. But sure you're not goin' to read all that, Mr. Malone.

MAL. The entire essay only contains twelve sheets of foolscap.

FEL. Twelve sheets of foolscap! (*Aside.*) And a fool's head in the bargain. Oh, Mary Anne, if you only knew all I'm sufferin' for you.

MAL. As I go along, Felix, do not hesitate to interrogate me on any statement which you may not thoroughly comprehend.

FEL. Hasn't Sergeant Clohesy a grudge against you?

MAL. What if the contemptible rascal has? What put that into your head?

FEL. I was only thinkin' if he happened to stroll down this way, 'twouldn't be wishin' to us for good deal.

MAL. Why? What do we care about the scoundrel?

FEL. It might or it mightn't be the means of getting me into trouble. For as sure as you're livin', if he came this way and saw the two of us sittin' out here, and you readin' them papers, the first thing he would do would be to seize yourself and the papers and call them treasonable documents.

MAL. But there's nothing whatever treasonable in this dissertation on Geometry.

FEL. 'Twould be all one with him. The same black-guard is bad-minded enough to make treason out of a prayer-book if he had anything in his nose for a boy. If you take a friend's advice you will go into the house and put the papers away.

MAL. I believe I will take your advice. Come inside and I will read this and one or two other papers on Algebra and Mensuration.

FEL. (*aside*). The cure is worse than the disease. (*Aloud.*) I have a long journey before me to-night, Mr. Malone, only for that it's glad I'd be to spend a piece of an evenin' with you, and as to listenin' to your readin', 'twouldn't do me much good, sir. Your writin' isn't fit to be read ex—

MAL. Not fit to be read, not fit to be read!

FEL. Ex—except before some of the quality, the Commissioners of National Education or the likes; such elegant language as yours, Mr. Malone, is only wasted on me, for you know yourself 'tisn't always easy to understand great men. I'll be wishin' you good evenin', sir.

MAL. Good evening, Felix. You are right. The commissioners would profit by a perusal of these papers, but they shall never see them, no, never.

(*Exit MALONE into cottage, R.*)

FEL. (*sighs*). I saw my share of hardship in my day, but 'tis a mighty hard day's work I wouldn't rather do than stay half an hour listenin' to that ould blatherskite.

(*Enter MARY ANNE carrying pail of milk.*)

MARY A. Here, Felix, that's what will take the drought off o' you.

FEL. (*drinks*). The finest I ever tasted, and sure it couldn't be anything else, seein' that 'twas yourself that churned it.

MARY A. Leave off now, and go on wid yourself.

FEL. Sure, I was just goin' off after biddin' good evenin' to your grandfather when I saw you comin' hether. If he comes out again he'll wonder what's delayin' me.

MARY A. An' sure I haven't a sugaun tied to you.

FEL. No, darlin', but maybe you wouldn't mind taking a peep in to see if there's any sign of him comin' out again, as I have a word or two to say in private.

MARY A. I'll take a look in to make your mind aisy.

(*Exit MARY ANNE into cottage.*)

FEL. My heart is jumpin' inside in me like a frog in a field of clover. What will I say to her, at all, at all?

(*Enter MARY ANNE.*)

MARY A. He's readin' away for the bare life; there's no fear of him stirring for the next hour. He's after takin' off his shoes.

FEL. Now, Mary Anne acushla, you mustn't breathe a word of what I'm goin' to tell you to man or mortal.

MARY A. You may depind on me.

FEL. Well, Gerald O'Connell is on his keepin' for bein' on the hills of old Ireland with the boys, last March, and

when he gets out of trouble he's goin' to give me the house on the kiln field, and to throw in a few acres of land besides.

MARY A. That's good. I wouldn't doubt his generous heart, but sure it's well desarvin' of it you are.

FEL. That's not the best of it. It's as good as certain that himself and Effie Headford will be one before very long. Castle Headford will go with her, as the ould gentleman has nobody else to leave it to. Then you know, besides bein' a second cousin of mine on the mother's side, Gerald is the best friend I have.

MARY A. But wasn't there some talk of Brandon Benner goin' for Effie?

FEL. He has no more chance of her than your ould grandfather. Effie will have Gerald or nobody, and Gerald will have Effie or die an ould bachelor. That's the long and short of it.

MARY A. Success and good luck to 'em is all I have to say.

FEL. Who knows but somebody might be sayin' the same to yourself one of these fine days?

MARY A. 'Tis little they'd have to do.

FEL. Oh, then for all that, you're the girl that wouldn't think much of takin' em unawares. There's Terry Donoghue and Garrett Burns, likely boys enough. If you only said the word to Terry 'twould be the highest feather in his cap.

MARY A. There's neyther rhyme nor rayson in what you're sayin', Felix.

FEL. I was never very much given to rhyme, and as for rayson, 'tis very little of that same is left in me this blessed minute. But sure 'tis yourself is to blame for that.

MARY A. Why, Felix! What have I done?

FEL. Oh, 'tisn't what you have done at all, 'tis what nature has done for you. The Lakes of Killarney can't help enchantin' people far an' near who have an eye for beauty, neither can you, avourneen.

MARY A. I won't listen to any more of your blarney, Felix O'Flaherty.

FEL. You may call it blarney if you like, darlin', but I never stopped while I'd be goin' five miles of the road to look at the purtiest sight in the lakes, and here I'm edgin' around while I could be from this to Kenmare, just to get one glimpse at your darlin' self.

MARY A. It's gettin' worse an worse you are. I must go and milk the cow.

FEL. Before you go, acushla, I want to ask you one question.

MARY A. Well, what is it?

FEL. Which would you rather be, Mrs. Donoghue or Mrs. Burns?

MARY A. Oh, no more of your cross-actin' now. (*Crosses to R.*)

FEL. (*aside*). Well, here goes once and for all. (*Aloud*.) How would you — oh, bad luck from my impudence. (*Follows her.*) Oh, Mary Anne, now or never say the word. Could you ever make up your mind —

MARY A. Why to be sure. I made up my mind now to go an' milk the cow. Sure you don't think I'm a rale oanshook entirely.

FEL. Arrah 'tisn't that all, eroo, but would you ever think of making up your mind to be — Mrs. O'Flaherty?

MARY A. Yerra, Felix, aragal, who else would I be?

FEL. Oh, cushla gal machree, you're the darlin' girl for me. (*Music; exect.*)

SCENE II.—*Interior of a mountain hut. Thunder, lightning and heavy rain. Mrs. FORD discovered sewing. Her mother supposed to be in small room, R.*

MRS. F. Heaven look down wid pity on the poor to-night. Mother darlin', were you callin'? (*Listens.*) No. Ah, musha, I'm afraid it's lavin' me for ever the poor crayther'll be and then sure it's soon I'll be follyin' her. But God is good and I oughtn't to grumble. Glory be to goodness, what a terrible night. Och oyeh, sure many's the poor Feenyeen that's drownded wet, on the hills this blessed minit, with nayther food or shelter next or near him. If I have no better nourishment than a few pyaties to give my poor mother, I thank heaven that the little cabin is still over our heads. (*A knock at door.*) Come in asthore.

(Enter EFFIE.)

MRS. F. Oh, but it's wet you are, darlin', and what would be after bringing a young lady dressed in the height of fashion around this poor and lonely spot? Sit down, acushla, and let me hang up your cloak to dry.

EFF. This is Mrs. Ford's, isn't it?

MRS. F. 'Tis indeed.

EFF. I suppose you are Mrs. Ford.

MRS. F. I am, eroo.

EFF. Then you know something about a gentleman who promised to meet me here.

MRS. F. Faix and sure I do, avourneen. He said he'd be here to-night a little after sunset.

EFF. Did he look well, Mrs. Ford?

MRS. F. Purty well, miss, but I never saw a young gentleman whose eyes tould so much of what was goin' on inside as his. There was the mournfullest, and the tenderest, and the honestest look I ever saw, and you could know that his heart was filled with some great longin'. You'd think 'twas a ship he was watchin' sailin' far away over the say, and that his heart was wid somebody on board.

EFF. When was he here?

MRS. F. Last Wednesday, the same night that my poor mother got a change for the worse.

EFF. And did he remain long?

MRS. F. No indeed. As soon as he tould me about you and the care I should take of you, he left in a hurry, but sure if I never heard of your comin', 'tisn't the uncivil word would ever pass my lips in your presence. I suppose you come a long way, Miss.

EFF. Only from Arbutus Lodge.

MRS. F. The Riordon's place, is it?

EFF. Yes.

MRS. F. Oh, then daacent people they are, every one of them. You are wid some of the rale ould stock, the likes of 'em isn't in the county Kerry. But isn't it a wonder you weren't afraid comin' over alone.

EFF. If you knew what brought me here you would have little reason to think that I would be afraid.

MRS. F. I can partly guess the reason, miss, but sure wouldn't you be thinkin' of ghosts and the like, and you passin' by the lonesome churchyard?

EFF. The lonely churchyard on my way would at other times make me tremble with fear, but to-night my mind was too much occupied with other thoughts to think of ghosts.

MRS. F. Faix an' 'tisn't very long ago since there used to be a black dog appearin' at Greenlea, miss.

EFF. Is that churchyard called Greenlea?

MRS. F. Yes, indeed.

EFF. Heavens! the very place.

MRS. F. It'most brings the tears to my eyes, darlin', to hear the name spoken of. It's our buryin' place, and I'm afraid the day isn't far when the best friend I have in the wide, wide world, will be laid to rest in the could clay. Oh asthore machree, my mother!

EFF. You ought to thank Heaven, Mrs. Ford, that your mother is spared to you so long. If your mother, like mine, had died while you were a child, would not your lot be much harder?

MRS. F. Oh, then, acushla, I suppose I'd never think of her. I would forget—

EFF. Forget! Ah no, it would be the tenderest recollection of your life. If I thought I could be to Greenlea and back again before Ger — before he comes, I would go this very moment, wild and all as the night is.

MRS. F. 'Twould be nothing short of madness, miss. I wouldn't have the heart to let you outside the door again on such a night as this.

EFF. If your mother were dead for years, and if you had never seen her grave, would you call it madness to go?

MRS. F. Human nature is weak, acushla.

EFF. But human affection is strong.

MRS. F. But how, in the name of all that's wonderful, could you expect to find her grave this hour of the night?

EFF. Oh, I think if I once set my foot in the churchyard something would lead me to the spot.

MRS. F. Oh, darlin', you're talkin' quare entirely. Sure there isn't a tombstone high or low in the place but I know myself, and I could hardly find a grave on a pitch-dark night like this, even if I had the courage to go there.

EFF. And if you know it so well, tell me, if you've ever seen the name of Headford on a tombstone in Greenlea?

MRS. F. Headford! The Lord betune us and all harm, no.

EFF. It must be there.

MRS. F. There isn't or there never was one of the name buried in Greenlea. I'm sure of that.

EFF. But it must be some fourteen years ago since my

mother died and I am sure that is the place where she was buried. 'Tis very strange —

MRS. F. Where did your mother live before she died, miss?

EFF. In Castle Headford.

MRS. F. Praise be to God, and you are Effie Headford ! my daughter ! oh, my daughter ! (*Embraces her.*)

EFF. How strange if true. Could my father have deceived me? This shock is more than I can bear. (*Music.*) In mercy's name explain — (*A knock at door.*) 'Tis Gerald ! (*Looks out window.*) No, 'tis a stranger. Is there no place I can go? I do not want to let that man see me here.

MRS. F. If you go into the little room, alanna, you might start my mother, for she's very low. (*Knock repeated.*) Go behind the dresser, and nobody will see you. I must open the door.

(*Enter CON o' THE BOGS.*)

CON. God save all here.

MRS. F. Save you kindly.

CON. Might I make bowld to ax a little shelter from the rain, ma'am ; 'tis the terriblest night ever come, and after travellin' twelve miles I'm famished and starved, and sure what harm, only I brought it all on myself.

MRS. F. 'Tisn't everybody you'd meet would do the likes.

CON. Well, you see, there was a neighbor of mine at the fair of Castle Island, yesterday, and be the same token he druv the last cow he had there to try to scrape up the rint. He stood his ground from early in the morning until 'twas far gone in the day, and nobody axed him as much as what brought him there. When he was comin' home he stepped into a house on the side o' the road, to light his pipe, and when he come out, the cow was gone so far ahead of him he never overtook her. Thinkin' that she strayed back this way — for 'twas from a farmer in these parts he bought her about this time twelve months — I tould him I'd follow her out iv pure compassion for his family, and bad luck to the trace of her I've come across on my way.

MRS. F. What kind of a lookin' cow was she?

CON. A red and white speckled one wid a pooken on her horns, for she was always given to ramblin'. But as I was

sayin', I'm weak wid the hunger, and if you have any victuals in the house 'twould be a charity to give me something to ate.

MRS. F. It's ill becomin' to them that takes the bite and the sup out of our mouths, to be axin' for charity.

CON. Axin' your pardon, ma'am, I'll pay you for your trouble. Only there isn't a huxter's shop around here, I wouldn't think of botherin' you.

MRS. F. There isn't as much victuals in the dresser as would blind your eye, and if there was lashin's and lavin's I wouldn't look sideways at a ha'penny that Con o' the Bogs ever handled.

CON. I never heard tell of him, ma'am.

MRS. F. No, of course you didn't. How could you? But sure as you went without your supper maybe you'd like to hear some of his doin's.

CON. I believe 'tisn't rainin' so hard as it was. I think I'll be goin'. I never expected —

MRS. F. That you'd see me here, you black-hearted villain.

CON. I never saw you afore this minute, woman. Maybe you're mistakin' me for somebody else. I'm an honest man, and my name is Dan Murnane if you want to know it.

MRS. F. Why then, when did you change your name?

CON. I tell you again I never remember seein' you in my life.

MRS. F. No, you never remember the night fourteen years ago that you came to Castle Headford, and tould me my mother was dyin'.

CON. I was never in such a place, my good woman.

MRS. F. You lyin' rogue, all you want is a pair of horns and a cloven foot, to make you as bad as your master below. If 'twas forty year instead of fourteen, I'd never forget your villainous look when you druv me across the old Weir Bridge, and threatened to drown me if I did not swear never to return to my husband.

CON. What if I did. Wasn't thim your husband's orders? What law do ye want of me?

MRS. F. 'Twasn't my husband's orders made you throw my poor ould father out of his little houldin' and break his heart,

CON. I was only earnin' an honest penny.

MRS. F. And under whose orders were you actin' when you murdered the poor widow's son, and swore away an innocent man's life?

CON. 'Tis a lie. Keep that busy tongue of yours quiet or it may be worse for you.

MRS. F. Your own tongue was busy enough once tellin' the neighbors black lies about me.

CON. I was only tellin' 'em what I heard.

MRS. F. Some people hear a dale more than is good for 'em. Do you see the door? Be after makin' yourself scarce, if you plaze. It can't be lucky to be under the same roof with you, so the sooner you go chase the speckled cow with the pookeen on her horns the better I'll like it.

(GERALD appears at door unobserved by CON and MRS. FORD.)

CON. That's accordin' to how I feel, Mrs. Henry Blackwood Headford, God save the mark! Some people never have sense enough to marry their own aquals. You must know that I'm not the sort of a bouchal to take away any prate from you. If you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, I'll stay here all night in spite o' your teeth. Make down a fire there, and go and get me a thasecaun of tobaccey to fill my pipe.

MRS. F. You're ugly enough and lazy enough to be your own servant. (Calls dog.) Rover, Rover, Rover! I warn you again, if you don't go I'll set the dog at you; he's wicked enough to tear you in pieces.

CON. (brandishing revolver). I'll back this bulldog agin him any day.

(Enter GERALD. CON runs toward door. GERALD stops him and forcibly takes revolver from him.)

GER. Ruffian!

CON. Oh, I wasn't doin' anythin', sir.

GER. Down on your knees, and ask this poor woman's pardon before you move another step.

CON. Anythin' to plaze yer honor. I humbly ax pardon for offendin' ye, ma'am, but 'tis a way I have of talkin' that's natheral to me.

GER. Go, now, and never show your face here again.

CON. But, sir, my life isn't safe without my means of defence.

GER. Begone, villain, not another word. Get out of my sight before you tempt me to give you what you have long deserved.

CON (*aside*). My turn may come yet. (*Exit.*)

(EFFIE comes from behind dresser.)

GER. Effie!

EFF. Gerald! My mother, Gerald.

GER. Happy to meet you, but I confess I am a little puzzled. Was not Mrs. Ford the name?

MRS. F. 'Twas Head-ford once, sir, but when misfortune come upon me I thought half of it was long enough for this little cabin.

GER. But, 'twas reported many years ago that you were dead, and I believed it so.

MRS. F. Some people say a dale more than their prayers, sir. Maybe them that did it would take the lead of me.

GER. Not at all improbable.

EFF. My father once told me that I was the very picture of my mother. Do I look like her?

GER. There is, indeed, a very strong resemblance.

EFF. But why did he deceive me, Gerald?

GER. You are beginning to doubt, I see, but you may rest assured, Effie, that she is your mother. I know she is. Time will explain—

EFF. 'Tis all like a strange dream to me, for I never expected to see more of my mother in this world than her grave, and here, I do believe—you told me—that is enough—she is my mother. Mother! (MRS. FORD and EFFIE embrace. *Music.*)

MRS. F. My poor mother will wonder what's keepin' me. I must go and see if she wants anything.

GER. See, Effie, you have a grandmother, too.

MRS. F. The poor woman won't trouble any one long, Mr. O'Connell, she's wastin' away every day. Sure if ye have a word to say in private I won't be in any hurry comin' back. I'll stay by her bedside, and if you want me you can call me. (*Exit.*)

GER. Oh, Effie, I thought I'd never see you more. These few days that have elapsed since we pledged our faith

to one another seemed to me so many years. Many an effort did I make in the death-like stillness of these nights, to steal to Castle Headford, but everywhere I was so closely watched that the attempt would be at the risk of my life.

EFF. And where did you spend the time, Gerald, since last I saw you?

GER. As far away from the abodes of men as I could stay. Once upon a moonlit night I rested with the dead in the old churchyard of Greenlea; another time I slept upon the heather that covers the head of Carn Tual, and still another night above the bones of Owen Roe in Muckross Abbey. But at last I've found a haunt unknown to foe or friend save trusty Felix.

EFF. Oh, Gerald, I shudder at the thought of your mid-winter night adventures. Whene'er I pass by Greenlea's walls I'll feel grateful to the tombs that threw their shadows o'er you upon that moonlit night.

GER. 'Twas but a scanty covering, and I do not wonder that I felt chilly on awaking, for when I laid down to rest the shadows were o'er me, and when I awoke in the morning the shadows were gone.

EFF. 'Twas pretty thin indeed. But what is your new place of safety like?

GER. A cave in the Eagle's Nest Mountain.

EFF. It must be very lonely, Gerald.

GER. As lonely as the tomb.

EFF. But does not Felix often visit you?

GER. Were it not for him I would be dead. He often smuggles a basket of provisions into the Emerald Scoop.

EFF. I never heard of the Emerald Scoop.

GER. That is the name which Felix gave the cave.

EFF. It takes Felix to think of a name. But, Gerald, I fear I'm overstaying the time. If my friends return from Killarney before I reach Arbutus Lodge, they will be alarmed at my absence. When shall we meet again?

GER. I do not know. I'll see you to the gate and think upon it on the way. Shall I call your mother?

EFF. Yes, knock gently at the door. See, the storm is nearly o'er.

GER. (*knocks at door*). Mrs. Headford, we are going.

(Enter MRS. FORD.)

MRS. F. Goin' so soon!

EFF. Yes, mother, I shall try to see you soon again. You must come over to Arbutus Lodge, to see me, some evening before I return to Castle Headford. Here, (*gives her money*) you may need this more than I do.

MRS. F. Musha, God bless your generous heart. 'Tis a long time since I had the handlin' of so much money.

EFF. I'll never see you want, mother, while I'm alive.

MRS. F. God Almighty bless you, darlin'. (*Weeps.*) The tears will come in spite of me. Sure many another daughter wouldn't purtend to know her mother if she found her as you found me.

EFF. You are my mother, that is enough for me. Let the world say what it will, I'll see your wrongs redressed. And now (*kisses her*) good-bye. (*Exeunt GERALD and EFFIE.*)

MRS. F. Good night, and God be wid ye. (*Music.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Emerald Scoop, a cave in the Eagle's Nest Mountain, Killarney. A rock near the mouth of the cave.*  
Enter BRANDON and CON cautiously.

CON. This is the very spot, Masther Brandon. See, in there he sleeps, and here upon this rock he sits for hours at times. 'Twill be no trouble to take him unawares if you only give the word. They can haul him off to jail, and once he's safely bowlted there, he won't be likely to trouble you for the rest of your life.

BRAN. Can't you devise some means of calling him to an account other than informing? Remember how completely sold we were by wily Sergeant Seemore.

CON. Sure it's myself that can. Send me direct to the barracks, sir, and I'll warrant they'll be hoppin' wid joy at gettin' some tidin's of his whereabouts. There's that black devil of a Boucher that's wearing the soles off his shoes night and day to be made a sergeant; 'twill be just into his fisth. Sure if 'twas only a tarrier that belonged to Gerald O'Connell, the same awlyawn'd be bouncin' to ketch him if there wasn't a license took out.

BRAN. You don't seem to quite understand me, Con. I have taken you into my confidence more than once before, and I feel I can safely do so now. The fact of the matter is simply this—I want to marry Effie Headford.

CON. Yis.

BRAN. But Miss Headford clings to a childish affection for O'Connell, which I imagine could be done away with.

CON. Yis.

BRAN. Perhaps you're more enlightened now.

CON. I'm listenin', sir.

BRAN. (*aside*). Curse the clown, why won't he see? (*Aloud*) Have you ever loved a human being?

CON. Well, I was very fond of a bull pup I had once, sir, but he died young with the mange.

BRAN. Well, dog that he was, your affection, if I might so call it, grew less and less, did it not?

CON. Yis, and after a while I almost forgot I ever owned him.

BRAN. And you like the dog I made you a present of, just as well.

CON. Just as well, Masther Brandon.

BRAN. That's just the point. Now, if that first dog were stolen from you, and you knew there was some chance of gettin' him back, would you take another?

CON. I hardly think I would, Masther Brandon.

BRAN. Now, you understand what I have said?

CON. Every word of it.

BRAN. Well, what is the sum and substance of it?

CON. If I had a dog that I liked and supposin' he died, I'd soon forget him. An' if I had a dog that I liked and supposin' some blackguard stole him from me, I wouldn't be long findin' him out and givin' him a tasthe o' my knuckles on the shkull.

BRAN. Now, we're gettin' down to business. Suppose it were a Fenian instead of a dog, what would be your conclusion?

CON. Well, if I had a Fenian that I liked — but sure that's out o' the question, Masther Brandon, for neither you nor I like a bone in a Fenian's body.

BRAN. But if a lady loved a Fenian, and he died —

CON. If a lady loved a Fenian, and he died, she might forget him.

BRAN. And if a lady loved a Fenian and he was transported —

CON. She might be true till he'd be free.

BRAN. Now, Con !

CON. Yis, Masther Brandon.

BRAN. Why the devil don't you say something?

CON. I believe 'tis nearly time to be goin' back, sir. I don't see what business we have here.

BRAN. And is all that I have said gone for nothing?  
(Crosses to rock.) Come hither, you blockhead.

CON. Yis, sir.

BRAN. Sit down upon this rock,

CON. What are you goin' to do wid me, Masther Brandon?

BRAN. To give you an illustration.

CON. Sure, I have done nothing to desarve it, sir.

BRAN. The illustration, you foolish man, that I am going

to give you, is simply this. Now you are sitting on this rock.

CON. Yis.

BRAN. What do you see overhead?

CON. Rocks, sir.

BRAN. Now if someone were to loosen one of those rocks and let it fall upon your head —

CON. Then I would be kilt dead entirely. (*Rises in a hurry.*)

BRAN. See here, Con, you know you're in my power.

CON. There's a pair of us in it, as the goat said to his horns. You know you're in mine.

BRAN. No matter about that, Con. If O'Connell had treated me with the same contempt that he treated you, do you know what I would do?

CON. Fight a jewl, I suppose.

BRAN. Guess again, Con.

CON. Now, Masther Brandon, if you staid beatin' around the bush till to-morrow mornin' 'twould be no use for you. I know what you're drivin' at well enough, all along. Spake out your mind plain like a man, an' give me your terms, and I'm wid ye.

BRAN. (*looks around and listens*). To-night when O'Connell will be here alone, roll down a rock upon his head that will crush him into an unrecognizable mass. Is that plain enough?

CON. As plain as the nose on your face.

BRAN. Here are two sovereigns; eight more I will give you when he shall be no more.

CON. It's a bargain. But if I happen not to aim straight enough, or if he wasn't in the right place, how would it be then?

BRAN. Then here. (*Gives revolver*.) Two or three chambers of this emptied in his carcass will soon dispatch him.

CON. An' if I should be arrested —

BRAN. Fear not. I have taken your neck out of the halter once before, I can do it again. You're only doing the country a service, man, in ridding it of a rebel. 'Tis a patriotic act.

CON. And why, Masther Brandon, wouldn't you do this patriotic act yourself?

BRAN. You're an older hand in the business than I am, you're a surer shot, and you have just as good reason to be patriotic in the present instance as I have; besides, it's a paying job for you.

CON. That's true. When and where am I to get the rest of the money?

BRAN. This very night and in this very spot.

CON. You brought it wid you then?

BRAN. (*shows him money*). See. Go now to the foot of the hill and await his return from Arbutus Lodge. When he ascends you can follow at a distance. I shall remain below until you whistle from the rock. It is now just half past nine o'clock. One short half hour and Gerald's dream of love is o'er. Effie Headford must be mine. And Con, you will be provided for. Do not forget the whistle.

CON. Not likely, Masther Brandon, when there's eight pound in it.

BRAN. Then courage is the word. I know you will not fail. But remember the whistle means that he's no more.

CON. Then when you hear it, do not keep me waitin' long. A murdered man's poor company for the one that takes his life.

BRAN. Now, away, away, and think no more upon it. 'Tis a sickening thought, but let it not deter you from your duty. The time is drawing nigh. (*Exit CON, L. I. E.*) One short half hour and Gerald O'Connell shall cross my path in love or hate no more! (*Exit L. U. E.*)

(*Music.*)

(Enter FELIX, r., with a bag on his shoulder filled with blankets and sheets over which are packed raw potatoes and turnips to conceal the bed-clothing which he smuggles to GERALD.)

FEL. Oh, but it's the hard time I had trudgin' over the bogs and the hills all the ways from Ballygerald, and the rain comin' down for all the world like you'd let it out of a sieve. But sure I'd go through twice as much for the poor helpless ould mother that's dependin' on me for bread. Ah, sure (*taking some potatoes out of bag*), them are the pyaties that'll keep her body and soul together, every one of 'em the full of your fist. If I had only a head o' cabbage,

now, and a pig's jowl to grease it in the pot, the poor craythur would think 'twas Christmas. (*Looks into cave.*) Ah! the darlin' isn't here yet. (*Looks around.*) I believe I'll light the snob and make the bed, 'twill surprise the angishore. (*Takes a dip candle from pocket and tries to light it.*) 'Twon't light, and no wonder, sure 'tis as damp as the swamps of Molahiff. If I had only a little ashes to dip it in I'd be all right. I'll take a shock of the pipe and maybe then I can manage it. (*Lights pipe and dries wick of candle in ashes of tobacco.*) There now, (*lights candle*) maybe you'd stay lightin'. (*Wind blows it out.*) Bad manners from that blast of wind. Why didn't I bring a lantern? But aisy, sure haven't I the makings of one nice and handy. I'll scoop out a turnip in the real old style. Home manufactures forever! (*Sings while scooping out the turnip. Song can be introduced, if desired.*) I'm beginning to feel uneasy. (*Walks around cave, looks upward.*) 'Tis clearing off overhead, and the moon is risin'. I thought he'd be here before me, and still there's no sign of him comin'. I don't wonder at all that he'd run the risk of being captured for a glimpse of Effie Headford's lovely eyes. In all Ireland there isn't her match for beauty, barrin' of course my own Mary Anne.

(Enter GERALD.)

GER. Felix, old fellow, what's the good word? How are you?

FEL. Faith, you wouldn't ask me that half an hour ago, when you passed me on the road.

GER. Passed you on the road! All the road I travelled to-night was from the cross of Knockenwadera to Arbutus Lodge, and I didn't meet a soul on the way save an old beggarman who touched his hat to me.

FEL. And was he carryin' anything?

GER. He had a bag thrown across his shoulder, and he carried a cudgel.

FEL. (*putting on old coat, throwing bag on his shoulder, and carrying walking stick.*) Did he walk anything like this? (*Imitates walk of infirm beggar.*)

GER. I had not the slightest suspicion that it was you.

FEL. Ah, when they get aholt of me, they'll be after catching a white blackbird in earnest.

GER. What brought the potatoes and turnips here?

FEL. The old beggarman, of course. Take a peep into the scoop to see how you think you'll sleep to-night.

GER. (*looks in, sees bed*). 'Tis like you, Felix. And you carried that heavy load over the long road from Ballygerald?

FEL. Oh, sure I'd carry yourself in the bag if I thought 'twould do you any good. I could start a peep show then, and make a little fortune.

GER. (*sits on rock*). Well, what is the news from Ballygerald?

FEL. Everything is goin' on just as if you were there yourself. There isn't a boy in the place but would go to the end of the world for you, and sure I'd go to the other world myself if I thought there was any chance of comin' back with an answer.

GER. Any new arrests?

FEL. No, but didn't you hear that there was another risin' last night?

GER. Another rising! Where were the boys?

FEL. Devil a one at all, barrin' the moon over the Lakes of Killarney. Did you notice my new patent, Gerald? (*Shows lantern*.) I have a pen and ink here too, for you, to write a letter from France.

GER. I gave up the idea of going there, Felix.

FEL. But the talk is goin' around that you're gone there already. 'Twas all the go at the forge last night, and I began to think if we could make people believe it, well and good, for you wouldn't be watched at all then.

GER. A capital idea.

FEL. I was thinkin' if you wrote to Effie, and that when she'd be taking her handkerchief out of her pocket, by the way no harm, she could drop the letter where 'twould be picked up by a peeler, and then they'd leave you rest for a while.

GER. Here goes then. (*Writing*.) "At sea. Dearest Effie: Thus far I've safely sailed. Address your next to France. Yours as ever, Gerald O'Connell."

FEL. That's good. I'll give it to her. (*Looks upward*.)

GER. And when you see her tell her—

FEL. Oh, Gerald! the rock! the rock! (*Pulls GERALD out of the way. The rock strikes the spot with great force*.)

GER. What a narrow escape !

FEL. I wonder did it fall down of itself or was it done on purpose by some villain. Sh-h ! I hear somet'ing stirrin' above. Easy, slip into the Scoop, and I'll be on the watch. Maybe 'tis only a goat after all. I'll climb up and see.

(*Exeunt R. Enter CON, L., with revolver, ready.*)

CON. Courage, Con, you devil, there's eight pounds more in it. (*Looks around.*) He must have crawled inside. I wonder did it strike him. I'll fire a shot or two in, anyhow. (*Presents revolver; enter FELIX, running; seizes CON from behind. CON drops revolver with fright. FELIX picks it up.*)

FEL. No, you won't ! (*GERALD comes out.*) You have only five minutes to live, you murderous, black-hearted villain. Make the best of it in preparing for a world where you were about to send him before his time.

CON. Oh ! mercy ! mercy ! or I'm lost forever.

GER. Have you no prayer to say ? Will you not even appeal to Heaven for forgiveness of your crimes ?

CON. Oh, mercy ! Masther Gerald, mercy ! I didn't say a prayer for twenty years.

FEL. Oh, the haythen.

CON. Oh, spare me, sir, and I'll tell you all.

GER. Tell me all ! Can I not see it all ? You came to murder me.

CON. But I was sent —

GER. Sent ? by whom ?

CON. If you promise not to kill me, I — I — will tell — you, sir.

FEL. And if we let him go, Gerald, he'll wait for another opportunity.

GER. True. If we let the ruffian loose he'll bide his time, and try again to take my life and yours.

FEL. Then look to Heaven for mercy.

CON. Oh sir, I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm damned. My sins rise up before me and sink me down in deep despair. Oh, show me mercy and I'll lave the country in the morning.

GER. Leave the country, eh ! Murderous rogue, your word is poor security.

CON. I'll make a full confession of my crimes. I will swear to it. You can take it down —

FEL. What then?

CON. I'll be in your power, and if I stay in the country you can see me swing.

GER. Let us have it.

CON. But sir, won't you promise —

GER. Go on, go on.

CON. 'Tis nearly twenty years now, since I came to Ireland, a runaway from the law. I robbed a man and nearly kilt him on the docks in Liverpool and then escaped on board a schooner. I didn't know or care where 'twas bound for, but it landed me in Dingle. I begged my way from place to place till I was sure the peelers were off my track, and the first job I got in this country was from Brandon Benner's father as a gamekeeper. 'Twas then when rovin' through the bogs on the lookout for poachers that they christened me Con o' the Bogs.

GER. Where were you born?

CON. I don't know. My father was a Norwegian sailor. His name was Andersen, and my mother was a Scotch woman. She died when I was only seven and my father was lost at sea. - My right name was Frederick Andersen. If I wasn't left an orphan —

FEL. What about Kelleher's murder? Didn't you have a hand in it?

CON. 'Twas I that kilt him, and by Brandon Benner's orders I swore away the life of young Dwyer.

GER. Cold-blooded ruffian, did you not cause the death of the old man Moriarty, too?

CON. I only shoved him out the door, I didn't mane to kill him.

FEL. Look at the way the vagabond is peepin' out from under his eyebrows, with his roguish-lookin' head hangin' down. You'd think he'd want a gologue to hold it up. 'Twas the mistake o' the world they didn't call him Con, the Critaun.

GER. Hold up your head and tell us all you know of Brandon Benner.

CON. 'Twould take till mornin', sir. 'Tis him and his money I have to blame for many of my crimes. 'Twas he that sent me here to kill you.

FEL. Oh, the murderin' thief!

GER. The cowardly hypocrite. Base and depraved as I knew him to be, I did not think him capable of such villainy.

CON. He tould me that you stood in his way and that when you were out of it, Effie Headford would be his wife. 'Twas by his orders I rowled down the rock where you were sittin'. That pistol, too, belongs to him. He gave me two pounds, and I was to get eight more when the job was done. I'd like to chate him out of that, 'tis the last chance I'll have.

GER. When did you see him last?

CON. Half an hour ago, he was here.

FEL. { Where is he now?  
GER.

CON. Waitin' at the foot of the hill for the signal.

GER. What signal?

CON. A whistle from the rock above. 'Twill bring him here quick enough. It was to mean that you were done for, and he should see the work before he paid the money.

GER. Has he any arms?

CON. None, sir. He gave me that pistol, to-night. 'Twas the only one he had.

GER. Then whistle, Felix, from the rock.

FEL. But first, let us put a spancel on this awlyawn and shove him into the cave. (*Binds CON.*) Pretend you're sleepin', Gerald, when Benner comes. I'll watch him and when we've drawn him out we'll set the villains face to face. (*GERALD lies down near rock, sleeps.* FELIX goes into cave, takes a sheet and winds it around him. *Whistles.*) I'll make him believe I'm Mat Dwyer's ghost. (*Looks I E. R.*) (*Solemnly.*) In the dead hour of the night the churchyard gave me up, O earth, again to thee, my murderer to accuse. See how he speeds! He falls! He swears! He's up again! Softly now he steals! Hear him whisper, Con! Con! He pauses! He's white with fear! Again he calls Con! Con! He comes! he comes!

(*Exit L; enter BRANDON, R.*)

BRAN. No, I will never rest content until I lay my hand upon his heart and know it beats no more. (*Goes nearer to GERALD; starts.*) And is the sleep of death so like its image! (*Feels.*) Soft! he breathes—he stirs—he wakes

— Ger — Gerald. He answers not. His eyes close again —  
GER. My head, my brain, the rock, the rock !

BRAN. He raves! Unconscious! Mad! Yet he may survive the shock. 'Twas badly done. Where is that clown? (*Calls.*) Con! Con! Curse the cowardly rogue, he's gone. I'll pay him off for this. My pistol, too, he has taken with him. And must I finish what he's begun? There lies the only obstacle between my hand and Effie Headford's fortune. I must remove it. I'll climb above and roll another rock upon his head.

FEL. (*stands in his way disguised as ghost*). Murderer! Perjuror! You shall not move another step.

BRAN. A ghost! a ghost! (*Staggers back, falls on knees.*)

FEL. Murderer! Perjuror! (*Exit.*)

BRAN. What a coward I was. Perhaps 'tis fancy. Yet I heard it speak so very plain, so very true. Bah! if I see it again I'll strike it, and kick it back to blazes. (*Goes again to entrance; ghost appears.*) Get out of my way or, by my life, I'll knock your bones to pieces.

FEL. (*presents pistol*). Provoke the ghost of Mat Dwyer again! Bring vengeance from the grave upon your head.

BRAN. 'Tis real, 'tis real! (*Trembles.*)

FEL. Perjuror! Murderer!

BRAN. Oh, let me go — let — me — go — (*Kneels.*)

FEL. Insolent being, if you attempt to stir or speak without my leave, instant death awaits you. (*To GERALD.*) Brother of the earth, awake, arise. (*Gives him revolver and exit; returns immediately in his own character.*)

FEL. Why Gerald, I'm glad to see you. But you're lookin' mortal pale. Is there anything the matter?

GER. A spirit just awoke me from a dream. 'Twas an awful dream, a dream I would not dream again for worlds.

FEL. What was it about?

GER. Night around me seemed to change into a mystic, heavenly light with nothing here below so luminous. A bright spirit with golden wings came fluttering o'er me and gently waved its hand as if to warn me of some approaching danger. I thought I rose to greet the spirit, and then a monstrous rock came tumbling down and struck the very spot where I was resting. Scarce had I looked around when the

heavenly light was extinguished and the beautiful vision was gone. Then in the dreary darkness came a hideous spirit of hell with murder written on his brow. The bright spirit came on the scene and held the fiendish hand just as 'twas raised to take my life. The spirit bound the fiend and cast him into darkness, darker than darkest night that ever came on earth. Then the arch fiend madly sought his satellite, and my remains. And as he nearer came to where I lay, I could hear the terrible words: "No, I will never rest content until I lay my hand upon his heart and know it beats no more." A little while and I awoke and (*seizing BRANDON*) seized the arch fiend by the neck and made him bend the craven knee for mercy.

BRAN. Mercy ! Ger—ald — Mercy !

FEL. Gerald, is it against the law to dream?

GER. No, Felix.

FEL. (*runs into cave; brings CON out*). I dreamt, too, (*grasping CON and shaking him*) that I came near choking the first black devil.

CON. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

GER. What shall we do with them?

FEL. Set the villains face to face.

BRAN. (*to CON*). Oh, you low scoundrel, take away your hideous countenance from my sight. You are like a devil let loose from hell.

CON. A mighty nice lookin' angel you are. 'Tis you and your money I have to thank for this. Curse the day I ever did your dirty biddin'. If I could get my hands on your neck this minit, I'd choke the life out o' you, you hangman of blazes.

BRAN. Let me go, let me go, and I'll put an end to the ruffian.

GER. No, you shall not touch him. Send him out of my sight, Felix.

FEL. (*takes CON and shaves off one side of his whiskers*). Look here now, you murdererin', cut-throat scoundrel of a ruf-fianous villain, if you ever dare to show that ugly lantern jaw of yours on Irish soil again, I'll lave you so that you won't know whether 'tis on your head or your heels you'll be stand-ing.

CON. Never, never,

GER. Begone, you are a fiend.

CON (*aside as he goes*). I'd like to know what's goin' to happen him. (*Hides.*)

BRAN. Whatever you are going to do with me — in mercy, do it quickly. Why did you leave that ruffian go?

GER. Though you would take my life, I will leave yours to Him who gave it. Fear nothing from me, Brandon, I will not do you harm.

BRAN. A dagger driven through my heart would not be so severe. Gerald, I am not fit to live. Take, oh take this miserable life away.

GER. Go, mend your ways and make your peace with Heaven. All is not lost if you repent.

CON (*rushes in*). Give me the chance and I'll soon put an end to him. (*Snatches pistol from GERALD, and is about to fire at BRANDON, when BRANDON strikes him. CON falls on pistol and shoots himself.*)

FEL. Good shot!

#### TABLEAU.

FELIX. GERALD.

CON.

BRANDON.

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*A drawing-room in Arbutus Lodge.* BRANDON leaning against table. Doors, R. and L.

BRAN. Alas, to have loved her as I have loved her, and be compelled to say farewell forever to Effie Headford! I know I am unworthy of her hand, yet, had I the faintest hope of winning her affection, I never would thus yield. But now, it is too late, it is too late! My fortune's gone; and I go forth from Bennerville with the deadly sin of Cain deep burning on my brow. In heaven or earth there is no hope for me.

(Enter HEADFORD and EFFIE.)

EFF. 'Tis Brandon. He looks terribly agitated.

HEAD. Brandon, my boy, you were not wont to greet us thus.

BRAN. Leave me, Mr. Headford, to my own bitter thoughts. Yet, I would say a word to Effie. (Drawing her aside.) Do you still think the same?

EFF. I do and ever will.

BRAN. Then to-morrow I shall leave Bennerville for ever.

EFF. Father, Brandon is going away.

HEAD. What! Brandon going away? Surely, you are not a Fenian, Brandon?

BRAN. No, Mr. Headford, but life has no charms for me here. I have made up my mind to go abroad, and nothing can change it.

HEAD. A most foolish undertaking. Mark my words, you'll regret it. If your father were alive, he would never countenance such a proceeding.

BRAN. I must go.

EFF. I hope you'll spend your last night with us, Brandon, we'll try to make it a pleasant one for you.

(Enter FELIX, disguised as Harry the Huntsman.)

HEAD. What is that strange-looking character gaping around here for? I think he has a great deal of impudence.

FEL. Tally ho! Whoop!

BRAN. He looks like an old hanger-on of Bennerville, whom they called Harry the Huntsman. He left suddenly one day about ten years ago and no one ever saw anything of him since.

HEAD. I often heard your father speak of him. As well as I remember, he used to be an eccentric, silly fellow, with a poetical turn of mind.

FEL. Can you tell me, sir, where's the ould master of Bennerville?

HEAD. Yes, but what might be your business?

FEL. 'Tisn't the rale ould gentleman himself, or one in his house, would be after axin' me that question. I was always welcome to go and come as I plazed, but since he gave up the hounds I'm leadin' a ramblin' sort of a life. An' sure, when I went over to Bennerville to-night, there wasn't a trace of the ould times left, although 'tis only ten years since I ran away. Och oyeh, 'twas more like a prison than a sportin' gentleman's house when I looked at it.

BRAN. 'Tis poor Harry, indeed. (*To FELIX.*) I'm sorry to say you'll never see the old master again. He's gone to the happy hunting ground well-nigh seven years.

FEL. Oh, wierastrue! Sure, there isn't a fine sportin' gentleman in the country but's dead and gone. Oh, wierastrue, oh wierastrue. (*Aside.*) Bad luck from the ould rack-rentin' devil.

BRAN. Why did you leave Bennerville?

FEL. I rambled away on an April day,  
Like many another jaynus.

HEAD. And where were you ever since?

FEL. In the County Tyrone, where I wandered alone,  
Like many another jaynus.

HEAD. And how did you like the north?

FEL. I lived there awhile, in the greatest of style,  
Like many another jaynus.

EFF. How did you get along with the Orangemen?

FEL. When I got in a fight, I lathered them right,  
Like many another jaynus.

BRAN. What put it into your head to come back?

FEL. To tellyou the truth, 'twas the days of my youth,  
Like many another jaynus.

HEAD. Would you like to see the young master, Harry?

FEL. Sure, it's myself that would—

HEAD. Now, if you sing us one of your old songs, I will show him to you and give you a good glass of punch in the bargain.

FEL. With the greatest of pleasure, if you give me good measure,  
Like many another jaynus. (*Sings.*)

O'er the gap of Dunloe,  
Tally ho! tally ho!  
Merrily, merrily, merrily go.  
(*Jumps.*) Whoop !

I won't sing any more till I see the young master.

HEAD. Here he is.

BRAN. I am the old master's only son, Brandon. Do you remember me?

FEL. (*eying BRANDON very closely*). Oh, wierastrue, wierastrue, worse than ever, worse than ever. Oh, what is the world comin' to, at all at all. Oh, all the saints in heaven defend us. Oh, wierastrue, wierastrue !

BRAN. Why, the man is mad.

FEL. The same face, the same face ! Oh, why did I ever look at it? Oh, you're not his son at all, you're not his son at all.

BRAN. Nonsense, man, you are a lunatic.

FEL. Oh, the son of the rale ould gentleman couldn't be guilty of what I saw you doin'. Oh, no, no, no.

BRAN. He's raving.

FEL. I'd know that face in a thousand. 'Twas you I saw last night, and you tell me you're Mr. Benner's son. A son of Mr. Benner's a murderer. Oh, no, no.

HEAD. What had we better do with him?

FEL. Your words are still ringin' in my ears when you came to see if he was dead all out. Don't you remember when you said "Con, Con ! curse the cowardly rogue, he's gone"? I was on the rock above you, and saw your face in the moonlight and heard you spake the words —

BRAN. No peace on earth, no hope in heaven for me. Mr. Headford — Effie — forget a murderer if you can. If I stay here another hour the very walls will accuse me. You shall never see my face again, never ! Farewell. (*Exit, L.*)

EFF. Forget a murderer ! oh, Gerald !

(*Enter GERALD, R.*)

FEL. Innisfail !

HEAD. Ah, Gerald, and still at large.

GER. Yes, sir. (*Shakes hands with EFFIE.*)

EFF. Your deadliest foe is gone, and gone for ever.

FEL. May he never come back.

GER. What! Was Brandon here?

HEAD. He came to say farewell, and left his memory stained. He must be deep in crime. He looked and spoke and moved as if some horrid vision were pursuing him. He called himself a murderer, yet, I cannot think of one who did him wrong, or one who would provoke him to that extent of crime.

GER. That one is here. He would have killed me if he could, yet I never did him wrong.

FEL. The murderin' villain!

HEAD. And why?

GER. It was (*pointing to EFFIE*) because I loved her.

HEAD. Oh, what fiends the green-eyed monster makes of men.

GER. I love your daughter as I love my life. She loves me in return. Our hearts are one another's. Will you send us both away to go our separate roads in misery for all our lives, or will you say the only word that will our happiness complete?

HEAD. Be happy, Gerald. You are a noble fellow. And Effie —

EFF. Father! (*They embrace; music.*)

GER. I can scarcely speak. Emotion chokes my utterance.

HEAD. I can, Gerald. If you've loved your country too fervently, you've loved it, nevertheless, sincerely, for which you have my good opinion. Do not look surprised that I, Henry Blackwood Headford of Castle Headford, should say it, but the man that does not love his country can hardly love the God that called it forth from chaos.

FEL. You never said a truer word. The man that would not love his country, or fight for her glory, or die for her freedom, is not worth — a kick in the shin.

HEAD. Gerald, let the struggle that you've seen be to you a lesson for your life. Henceforth, do not embark on dread rebellion's destructive sea unless your barque be proof against the elements. Its furious waves may blight your country's hopes for years and throw her bleeding on her knees.

FEL. He's a rale ould patriot. Glory be to goodness, whatever in the world made him talk like that. Innisfail!

HEAD. That magic word. 'Twas once to me what now it is to you. I have not heard it said for years.

GER. What magic word? You do indeed surprise me.

HEAD. He (*pointing to FELIX*) spoke it as you came. Shall I refresh your memory?—'Twas Innisfail.

GER. Innisfail!

HEAD. Yes, Innisfail. Many a night, long years ago, on Erin's hills, I heard and spoke the name. It now brings up before my mind old memories fond, and sad, and strange.

GER. And is it really possible, Mr. Headford, that you in your younger days were with the "boys"?

HEAD. Ah, Gerald, those that call me loyal, and think me proud of foreign rule, but little know the part I played in youth's enchanting days. Alas! how time will change us all.

FEL. (*taking off disguise*). It don't take very much of it to change me. (*To HEADFORD.*) Did you think I was Harry, sir, all along?

HEAD. I did, indeed.

(Enter MRS. FORD.)

EFF. (*running to meet her*). Oh, mother, dear mother, I thought you'd never come. I'm so delighted to see you.

HEAD. My wife! My child has found her mother! Oh, mercy! (*Covers face with hands.*)

EFF. Speak to her, father, oh, speak to her.

HEAD. Effie—Mary.

MRS. H. Henry! (*Faints; GERALD, FELIX and EFFIE run to her assistance.*)

HEAD. (*aside*). 'Tis fourteen years, but oh, how changed. Sorrow and suffering have done their deadly work. Pride, oh monstrous pride, no wonder angels fell beneath thy sway!

EFF. Father, will you not speak to her? I know you are sorry in your heart for this terrible separation.

HEAD. 'Twas an evil hour for me, my child, when I sent your mother from my roof. I would have given Castle Headford could I recall the words I spoke upon that awful night. From day to day I thought she would forgive me and return. Many a night at the window I sat and watched, hoping

against hope, that she would come back. For me, I could not — pride would not let me — make the first advances to bring about a reconciliation.

EFF. It is not yet too late.

HEAD. Oh, why did I deceive you, my child? Why did I keep you in ignorance of her fate?

EFF. By an accident I heard it all. I know 'twas hard for you to tell me. I know you felt the hasty words you spoke more than you care to tell. Think 'twas but a dream, and we shall all try to forget 'twas ever stern reality.

HEAD. Generous child. Oh, if you only knew how I loved her once, you would not wonder that I should be disconsolate all my life.

FEL. She's comin' to, thanks be to God.

HEAD. Mary, I swore I loved you once. I love you still! Can you forget the past? Can you forgive me?

MRS. H. With all my heart. (*They embrace.*)

HEAD. Come with us, Gerald; Effie come.

(*Exeunt, l.*)

FEL. (*calls r.*) Mary Anne, Mary Anne.

(*Enter MARY ANNE.*)

FEL. Come here, acushla, I have something to tell you.

MARY A. Yerra. Felix eroo, is it yourself that's in it? Are they gone upstairs?

FEL. They are, and the old woman, too. Oh, the poor creature, 'twould melt the heart of a stone to see her cryin' and himself, too.

MARY A. And was he cryin'?

FEL. And big tears at that.

MARY A. Oh, when I see a man sheddin' a tear, I could forgive him if he were goin' to murder me.

FEL. Faix, that's more than I'd do. If any spaldeen murdered you (the Lord betune us and all harm), and if his tears would fill the Lakes of Killarney, they'd never move me unless I'd see him sinkin' in them.

MARY A. There's no fear you'll have to trouble yourself about anyone murderin' me, and as for yourself you'll surely die a natural death, seein' you're not kilt or taken long ago.

FEL. Musha, 'tisn't death we ought to be talkin' about at all, darlin'. Do you know what I was thinkin' about when I was comin' over?

MARY A. That you'd like a good supper.

FEL. No.

MARY A. Maybe you were thinkin' of ould Mr. Headford.

FEL. No, 'twasn't that either.

MARY A. Well, what was it then?

FEL. I was thinkin' that you would soon have a house of your own to take care of and somebody else in the bargain. Arrah don't be talkin', when Gerald is married they'll be great times comin'.

MARY A. And will the great times stay, Felix?

FEL. For ever and a day, erco. Sure Gerald and Effie are gettin' ready to go to the church, and says I to myself, maybe Mary Anne and myself would go too, for company sake, and who knows, says I, but Father Maurice would kill two birds with the one shot. And nobody can tell, says I, but somebody might be callin' Mary Anne Malone by the name of Mrs. O'Flaherty comin' home, says I.

MARY A. An'are you thinkin' of goin' in earnest? Felix, acushla, what's comin' over you?

FEL. Arrah, didn't I think I heard a voice whisperin' in my ear — Felix, now or never, 'tis your luckiest night, the 29th of September.

MARY A. There must be a Michaelmas fairy hoverin' round you.

FEL. I didn't see a Michaelmas fairy next or near me, but I saw a Michaelmas daisy, and that's yourself.

(Enter GERALD and EFFIE in wedding dress.)

MARY A. Long life and good luck to ye, Mr. O'Connell and Miss Headford.

GER. Thank you for your good wishes, Mary Anne.

(MARY ANNE and EFFIE whispering.)

GER. (to FELIX.) We're going to France. I do not know how long we'll stay, but if we reach Calais undiscovered all will be well.

FEL. And what way are ye goin'?

GER. You know Captain Kelliher. He's going to take us on his boat, and Mr. Headford will accompany me to Bantry Bay.

FEL. And when do you think you'll be back?

GER. 'Twill all depend —

(Enter HEADFORD and MRS. HEADFORD.)

HEAD. I have made arrangements with old Broderick to look after Ballygerald while you're away. I have no doubt he will take good care of it.

GER. 'Tis very kind of you, Mr. Headford. I am sure he will.

(Enter MALONE and BOUCHER.)

MAL. Mr. Headford, this man arrested me as I was coming to see my grand-daughter. Do you not know me, sir?

HEAD. Certainly, Mr. Malone. (To BOUCHER.) Constable, this old gentleman is all right. You can go.

(Exit BOUCHER.)

MAL. (looking after BOUCHER.) The officiousness of that pugnacious biped is utterly revolting to the sensibilities of a philosophical mind. Where is Mary Anne?

MARY A. O, grand-daddy, you're just in time—

FEL. To be my best man.

MAL. And where's the young patriot going?

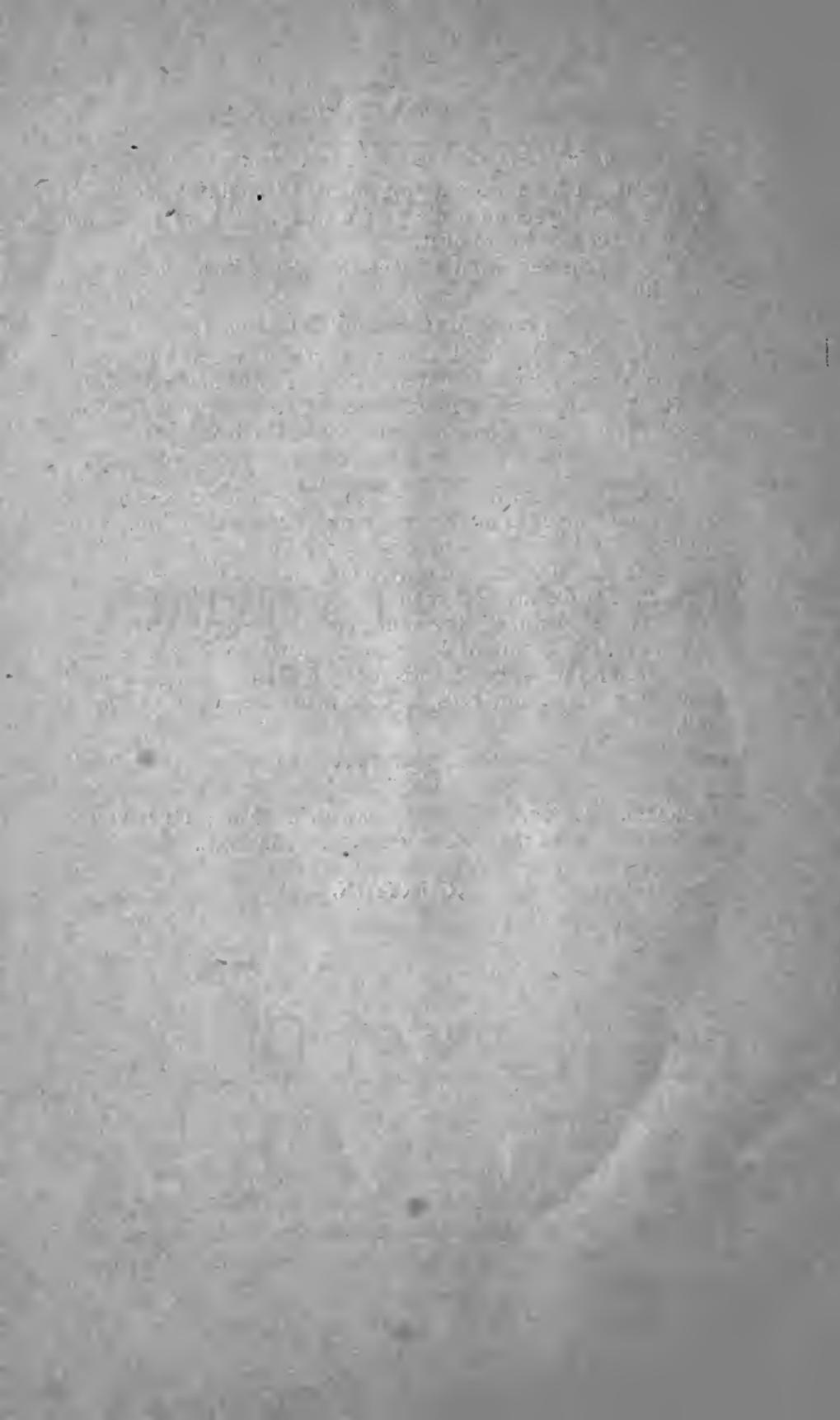
FEL. He's goin' to leave these parts for a while, Mr. Malone, and when he sets his foot on Irish soil again, we'll make the grand old hills re-echo with the music of Innisfail.

### TABLEAU.

GERALD. EFFIE. HEADFORD. MRS. HEADFORD.

FELIX. MARY ANNE. MALONE.

CURTAIN.



## THREE NEW BOOKS.

# A FOOL FOR LUCK.

A FARICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

By W. M. BROWNE.

Four male and three female characters. This laughable comedy of modern society turns upon the mania for stock speculation. The leading comedy character is a type of Englishman not unrelated to Lord Dundreary, the other personages and the scene being American. The dialogue is very bright, the scenery and costumes very easy.

Price, - - - - - 25 cents.

# Six to One; or The Scapegrace.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

By F. A. MATHEWS.

One male, six female characters. Costumes, those of everyday life; scenery, not at all necessary. This laughable little skit has something of the character of "THE ONLY YOUNG MAN IN TOWN," and will be even more popular. Five types of society girl are satirized with a keen hand—the Boston Girl, the Philadelphia Girl, the Chicago Girl, etc., etc.

The dialogue is bright and the situations amusing. The one male character is an excellent one and plays itself.

Price, - - - - - 15 cents.

# THE NURSERY DRILL.

An entertainment for females—adults or children—by MARY B. HORNE, author of "The Peak Sisters," "The Book of Drills," etc. This drill is a new and original version of the entertainment variously called "The Dolls' Drill," "The Nurse-Maids' Drill," "The Rag Baby Drill," etc. and is published complete with all music not readily obtainable, and full instructions. It will be found to be easily the best version of this popular and amusing drill.

Price, - - - - - 15 cents.

# NEW ENTERTAINMENTS

---

## AN EVENING OF STATUARY AND TABLEAUX.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

MR. BARTLETT's skill in arranging entertainments of this character ensures a warm welcome for every new book from his pen. This book comprises twenty-four new tableaux and pantomimes—a set of indoor entertainments, with simple and effective directions by which they can be carried out with little trouble and expense. Price, 25 Cents.

## A MOTHER GOOSE PARTY AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

By George B. Bartlett.

Containing directions for A Mother Goose Party, A Mother Goose Operetta, Dame History's Peep-Show, A Vision of Shakespeare's Heroines, Historical Hints for Tableaux, A Tableau from Blue Beard, Literati, etc. Price, 15 Cents.

## PANTOMIMES AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

Containing Mother Goose Pantomimes, a Christmas Pantomime, Dissolving Views, etc. Price, 15 Cents.

## A NEW PLAY BY GEO. M. BAKER.

### GUSTAVE, THE PROFESSOR.

A comedy in one act, translated from the French by Geo. M. Baker. Four male, two female characters; time in representation, forty-five minutes. Price, 25 Cents.

## UNDER A SPELL.

A comedy in one act, from the French, by JULIA DEW. GIBBS. Four male, one female characters; time in representation, forty-five minutes to an hour. Price, 15 Cents.

## A FALSE NOTE.

A comedy in one act, by JULIA DEW. GIBBS. Three male, four female characters. Plays about an hour. Price, 15 Cents.

A NEW PLAY FOR FEMALE CHARAC.

*A Companion to "REBECCA'S TRIUMPH."*

# ANITA'S TRIAL Or, Our Girls in Camp.

By ESTHER B. TIFFANY, author of "A Rice Pudding," "That Patrick,"  
"Young Mr. Pritchard," etc.

Price, - - - - - 25 cents.

This is a bright and sparkling comedy in three acts, for eleven female characters. Its story is entertaining, and its dialogue distinguished by this author's delicate humorous touch. One scene only is necessary for the three acts — a camp in the woods, easily arranged. The dresses are simple and picturesque camping costumes. The enormous success of "Rebecca's Triumph" has created a demand for this sort of piece, to meet which we confidently present "ANITA'S TRIAL," in which is solved, with no less success than in its predecessor, the difficult problem of constructing a play of strong human interest without the assistance of male characters.

# THE CHRONOTHANATOLETRO; OR, OLD TIMES MADE NEW.

An entertainment in one act for sixteen girls, written for the Class Day Exercises at Dana Hall School, Wellesley, Mass., by two members of the Class of '87 and first performed before members of the school and their friends, June 18, 1887, and later at Ellsworth, Maine, April 6, 1888.

Price, - - - - - 25 cents.

# THE PEAK SISTERS.

A humorous entertainment for young ladies. Arranged by MARY B. HORNE. Any number of ladies may take part, but seven only are necessary. No scenery; costumes very simple. This laughable trifle meets with invariable success wherever performed.

Price, - - - - - 15 cents.

# THE BOOK OF DRILLS.

## PART I.

A group of entertainments for female characters for stage or floor performance, by MARY B. HORNE, the author of "The Peak Sisters," etc.

Price, - - - - - 30 cents.

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., Publishers, 23 Winter St., Boston.

PRICE, 15 CENT

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

**IS INTENDED.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Horace Wigan. 3 male, 3 female char.  
**ANONYMOUS KISS.** A Vaudeville. 2 male, 2 female char.  
**OTHER GLASS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Thomas Morton. 6 male, 3 female char.  
**JNT. CHARLOTTE'S MAID.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.  
**THE BABES IN THE WOOD.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 10 male, 8 female char.  
**LANKS AND PRIZES.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By Dexter Smith. 6 male, 2 female char.  
**BLUE AND CHERRY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 8 male, 2 female char.  
**BOUQUET.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By J. A. Woodward. 2 male, 2 female char.  
**BOWLED OUT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By H. T. Craven. 4 male, 3 female char.  
**Brother BILL AND ME.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 3 female char.  
**A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By Charles Matthews. 6 male, 4 female char.  
**THE CHRISTENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. H. Buckstone. 5 male, 6 female char.  
**THE CLEFT STICK.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. 6 male, 3 female char.  
**COUSIN TOM.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By Geo. Roberts. 3 male, 2 female char.  
**DAMON AND PYTHIAS.** A Farce. 6 male, 4 female char.  
**DANDELION'S DODGES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.  
**THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By Edward Fitzball. 6 male, 2 female char.  
**DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** An Interlude in 1 Act. By W. H. Murray. 10 male, 1 female.  
**DONE ON BOTH SIDES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female char.  
**DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female.  
**DORA.** A Pastoral Drama in 3 Acts. By Chas. Reade. 5 male, 2 female char.  
**A DOUBTFUL VICTORY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 3 male, 2 female char.  
**DUNDUCKETTY'S PICNIC.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 6 male, 3 female char.  
**EAST LYNN.** A Drama in 5 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.  
**GASPARDO THE GONDOLIER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. By George Almar. 10 male, 2 female.  
**GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME.** A Farce. 2 male, 2 female char.  
**THE HIDDEN HAND.** A Drama in 5 Acts. By Robert Jones. 16 male, 7 female char.  
**HIT HIM, HE HAS NO FRIENDS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By E. Yates and N. H. Harrington. 7 male, 3 female char.  
**A HUSBAND TO ORDER.** A Serio-comic Drama in 2 Acts. 5 male, 3 female char.  
**I'VE WRITTEN TO BROWNE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.  
**JOHN DOBBS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.  
**JOHN WOPPS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 2 female char.  
**THE LOST CHILDREN.** A Musical Entertainment in 5 Acts. By Mrs. Lewis Jersey. 8 male, 5 female char., and chorus.  
**LOOK AFTER BROWN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By George A. Stuart, M.D. 6 male, 1 female char.  
**LOST IN LONDON.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 6 male, 4 female char.

**LYING MADAM.** A Farce in 1 Act. By H. P. Curtis. 15 male, 3 female char.  
**MARY MONSI.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Thomas Archer. 15 male, 3 female char.  
**MY PRECIOUS BETSY.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 4 female char.  
**MY TURN NEXT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.  
**NICHOLAS FLAM.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 3 female char.  
**NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE WHO WON'T HEAR.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By H. P. Curtis. 3 male, 2 female char.  
**NURSEY CHICKWEED.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.  
**OLD HONESTY.** A Comic Drama in 2 Acts. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.  
**ONLY A CLOUD.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By J. P. Simpson. 4 male, 1 female char.  
**PAYABLE ON DEMAND.** A Domestic Drama in 2 Acts. 7 male, 1 female char.  
**THE PHANTOM BREAKFAST.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Chas. Selby. 3 male, 2 female char.  
**TUTKINS; Heir to Castles in the Air.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By W. R. Emerson. 3 male, 2 female char.  
**THE QUEEN'S HEART.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. 5 male, 4 female char.  
**A RACE FOR A WIDOW.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 4 female char.  
**SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male, 3 female char.  
**THE SCARLET LETTER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 6 male, 7 female char.  
**SILVERSTONE'S WAGER.** A Comedietta in 1 Act. By R. R. Andrews. 4 male, 3 female.  
**A SLICE OF LUCK.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 2 female char.  
**SMASHING GOIT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 3 female char.  
**A SOLDIER, A SAILOR, A TINKER, and a Tailor.** A Farce in 1 Act. 4 male, 2 female.  
**SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Slingaby Lawrence. 3 male, 3 female char.  
**TRUE UNTO DEATH.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By J. Sheridan Knowles. 6 male, 2 female char.  
**THE TURKISH BATH.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Montague Williams and F. C. Burnand. 6 male, 1 female char.  
**TWO GENTLEMEN IN A FIX.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male char.  
**TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Lenox Horne. 4 male, 1 female.  
**THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.  
**AN UGLY CUSTOMER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 male, 2 female char.  
**UNCLE ROBERT.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. By H. P. Curtis. 6 male, 2 female char.  
**A VERY PLEASANT EVENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male char.  
**THE WELSH GIRL.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Mrs. Planche. 3 male, 2 female char.  
**WHICH WILL HAVE HIM?** A Vaudeville. 1 male, 2 female char.  
**THE WIFE'S SECRET.** A Play in 5 Acts. By Geo. W. Lovell. 10 male, 2 female char.  
**YOUR LIFE'S IN DANGER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.



0 015 863 679 7

ALTER H. BAKER & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.  
P. O. Box 2846.

fein